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1904

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LOTEA

- AND -

OTHER POEMS



RUSSELL.



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LOTEA.

(A STORY OF THE ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLERS OF
AMERICA.)

—AND—

OTHER POEMS

—BY—

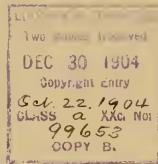
EDSON BROUGHTON RUSSELL.

AUTHOR OF

SHELTERED WAIFS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

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1904



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Sept., 1904.
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Edson B. Russell

To my wife, whose constant aid, and inspiring ap-
preciation, have materially assisted me;
this volume is dedicated.

To my wife, whose constant aid, and inspiring appreciation, have materially assisted me;
this volume is dedicated.

PREFACE.

Produced without the advantages of leisure, and in a section of the world that is composed largely of raw material, and unfinished, I am aware that, for the most part, the contents of this volume partake of this formative condition; therefore, if the reader will kindly contemplate the "spirit," rather than the "letter," and thus, possibly, derive some small degree of benefit, I will feel repaid for my labor. Many of the verses have been preserved here by the request of those who would miss them, were they not included as a part of this book; otherwise I would have rejected them.

EDSON B. RUSSELL.

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These caverned rocks, o'er-veiled with mellow age
Their vaulted secrets hold;

LOTEA.

Here where the river hurries to the South,
Twixt frowning walls and high,
Where earth's brown bosom feels eternal drouth,
Of ever cloudless sky!
Where west'ring sun withdraws his glowing face
Behind the awful brink!
While stealthy shadows cover all the space
Of intervals, and sink;
There is a silence, fitted to the scene,
Of loneliness apart,
And yet, these mighty cliffs so shorn of green
Suggest some human art.
These caverned rocks, o'er-veiled with mellow age,
Their vaulted secrets hold!
And spread aloft, corroding page on page
Of life and love untold.
So, may the wings of poet-craft reveal
Some history obscure,
As, backward turned, in retrospect they wheel
Where mummied shards endure.
Too oft our thoughts like vandal hordes profane
Some simple ancestry,
As urged by cheap desire for paltry gain,
The mouldering heaps we pry.

Then sacred shall we deem each dwelling place,
Deserted now, and drear;
Ft only for the tuneful minstrel's grace
To habitate and cheer.
Nor Pyramids, nor sculptured
Greece are old,
Compared with these low halls
That open from the frowning steep so bold,
And echoe back our calls.
Who gains the porch, intrusive hand shall feel
Thrust out in welcome way,
And glowing eyes peer down where staff and reel
Repose, in niche of clay.
Soft is the breath of spirit-souls who glide
Backward and forth, as when
The years were few upon time's early tide,—
These lives we now shall ken—
For, thru the rugged canyon-lips of stone,
The ancient voice of man
Finds passage-way to tuned hearts of lone
Seekers with gold-worn pan;

Or yet, perchance, to them inspired by art
Who trend the burro trail,
In search of treasure, from the sands apart,
And rugged prospects hail.
On hearth-stones, heaped with ashes, these have gazed,
Lit e'er Ionian flame
Cheered lone Abyla's shore, or warmly blazed
On Israel altar-frame,
Here love hath sat and dreamed, as love will dream
Of some bright destiny;
Or, looked through window of an ember's gleam,
On the dim "yet to be."
And sorrow too, has gazed with streaming eyes
On fagot slow consumed,
With hope, or faith in pitying Paradise,
Albeit, such were doomed
To still keep faith without the blest reward,
While hopes to ashes burned;
So, felt the freeman, slave or lord,
And equal portion earned.

Here flamed the taper in the earthen lamp
Far under shelving ledge,
In deep alcove with ceiling low and damp;
Or, on the dizzy edge
Of parapet, to guide returning feet
From long belated quest
For berries ripe, or feathered flock, too fleet,
By fear of capture pressed.
From narrow door the pendant ladder hung
Till secret signal came
In rhythmic measure soft; or loudly sung—
Or slow repeated name.—
When fell the ladder, as the windlass willed,
The rush-clad feet with climb
Of stealth, came up, then all again was stilled
In silence, save the chime
Of clay-wrought bowls in musical array,
Made vibrant by the skill
And baton-tap, of one who loved to play
Successive rounds to thrill
The slumbering night, or stir to quicker beat
The heavy pulse of toil;
When, on some level ledge in social meet
These tillers of the soil
Danced gracefully the dusky hours away,
Or chanted wild love-song,
Thrilled with a heart-full hope, and melody
Of bird notes strong.
And when the music ceased, each sought the hearth,
Accustomed well to seek,
And in his hammock-couch with cover dearth,

Relaxed to dreams, in meek
Submission to the soothing power of sleep.
So, night rolled slowly on
While constant town-fire waned to smokeless heap
Of scarlet coals e'er dawn.
Thus slumber blessed their simple lives full well,
And gave of nature's balm ;

But hark ! the sentry's horn with blaring swell
Breaks on the early calm ;
A thousand echoes from the canyons bound
Like winged things, and beat
Their pinions 'gainst the slumbering ear, and sound
The call to toll and beat.
The parched sweet nuts in hollow carven stone,
And roasted squash and corn,
With savory roots in garden lately grown,
To break their fast at morn ;
Then swift to field to loom and potter's clay,
Each with a cheerful mien
And providential thought pursued his way
The Winter's hoard to glean.

Relying on the earth to meet their needs
They wooed her bounties well ;
And sowed the soil with choicest annual seeds
Their future stores to swell.
With many a ditch the intervals were crossed,
By patient toil contrived—
The irrigation arts that now are lost,
Long through those years survived—
So, bloomed the land, and blushed the autumn sky,
In peace around their world,
While chilling snows but seldom came to try
The valleys green, unfurled.

Ah, sweet such life where peace has gently kept
The simple heart in tune
With nature round ; while latent passions slept
Past manhood's regal noon !
And sweeter still the womanhood that finds
Her love exalted by
Deep sympathies, where nature closely binds
To her the rosary
Of virtue, made of fragrant flowers, and sheen
Of golden sunlight spread
On hill-slopes far, and river reaches green,
That fairies well might tread.

Among these scenes and simple people, dwelt
A richly dowered maid,

Whose loveliness the coldest heart would melt;
 With golden hair in braid,
With eyes, reflection of the heavens at dawn,
 And finely moulded face;
Around her form the feather-mantle drawn,
 Behold perfected grace!
Her lips breathed melodies to charm the ear
 Of weary laborer,
Who turned the wheel, with little aught to cheer,
 Save cadencies from her;
And far away were borne to river-isles—
 Oft as the winds came down—
Her songs to light anon with hopeful smiles
 The gardener-faces brown.
The matron at the loom her music heard,
 And stayed the shuttle's course,
While in her bosom still more deeply stirred
 The heart's divinest force;
A yearning for a higher place and aim.—
 Love, freshened as a flower
By summer rains, to her poor bosom came,
 And thrilled her with its power.

All looked upon the maid as on a star,
 Distant and bright and pure,—
Shedding effulgent light with grace afar—
 And, like the star, as sure.
Daughter was she of Patriarch who made
 Laws for the people there;
Whose councils all were cheerfully obeyed
 That each his love might share;
But one there was, with great aspiring soul,
 Who gained Lotea's hand:
Chosen for strength of mind, and self-control;—
 A leader in the band.—
Their vows were plighted by the mother-moon,
 When summer breezes soft
Sent o'er the waves their moist and cooling boon
 In runic voices oft.
And stately as the river rushing on,
 Their tided souls in love
Mingled and moved, by subtle powers drawn,—
 The eagle and the dove.—

Who would not linger on the blissful theme
 That kindles sacred fire
Within the heart; while palaces of dream
 To lofty heights aspire?
Divinely met, the fusing flame that sealed,
 Glowed warmly evermore,
And through the years inspired and self-revealed.
 The crucial trials bore.

Time passed, and often to their trysting-place
They came with happy tread,
And many a plan of hope was made with grace,
And sweet love-secrets said.
In Zuma's heart there was a longing deep,
For glory and for fame,
Just for Lotea's sake, so she might keep
In memory his name;
When for a distant realm he should depart
To offer friendly ties,
And barter with wild tribes in tented mart,
Beneath the eastern skies.
The sweet reliance of her soul he felt,
And, thrilled with ecstasy,
Unto her trust in gratitude he knelt
With vows of constancy.
For stronger yet, and with intensive glow
Burned his desire for power,
Fed by a love that few poor mortals know,
E'en in the brightest hour:
And so, high aims were born in Zuma's thought,
As they are born and nursed
In other lives where love hath deeply wrought
Thru noble souls athirst.

What destiny would ye not gladly dare,
What dim untraveled waste
Would ye not press with eager feet to share
Briefly, (or much in haste),
Such love—exalted, tender and complete—
As blessed this princely youth?
But he! was he returning love as sweet,
As pure in very truth?
His heart was true: the river seeks with slow
And certain tide the main;
As sure the current of his love did flow
To her, unchecked by chain
Of custom in the dance and revelry,
When maids of darker hue
Cast witching glances in his steady eye,
Or, (deep designing), threw
The kiss of sin from circling shadows dim,
Where lounged the mateless throng,
Careless of name, and proud of shapely limb.
His love was pure and strong;
And so, from dawn of blissful day till eve,
Time moved on holy wings,
And wove a halo sweetly over all,
In which the love-life clings.

The days of harvest glimmering on the plain
Saw sturdy swains astir,

Who plucked and stored the ears of golden grain,
And bales of provender,
And when the fields of all their fruits were shorn,
And moon-beams brightly lay
On steep and vale, and path where late was borne
To hamlets far away
The word of harvest festival to come;
There rose an ominous sound,
That roused to fear, and made the timid dumb,
As though the heart fast bound
Did chill to stone, and bank the scarlet tide
Within the bursting breast.

The note of war shrilled down the canyon wide,
And broke the midnight rest
Of slumbering age and dreaming youth, and sent
The quivering echoes swift
From cliff to cliff, till all the air was rent
With many a ghostly rift
Through which the ghouls displayed the grinning mask,
And looked the skeletons of death;
Above, below, around the lips that ask
With halting, bated breath!
Whose hand shall raise to strike defensive blow,
Now that the night is on?
Who is there 'mong us strong to meet the foe,
And save us e'er the dawn?
Then strode Prince Zuma quickly past the door
Of fair Lotea's home,
And snatched the horn that crouching sentry bore;
Then springing to the dome
Of watch-tower strong just on the dizzy verge,
He blew the martial call.
Three mighty blasts he blew, the more to urge
The lagging sling-men all.
His form erect, with flaring torch he stood,
His dark eyes flashing bright,
And on the gathering, shrinking warrior brood
He poured magnetic might;
The arrows of the foe around him sped,
He heeded not, nor stirred
Until,—each trembling guard before him led,—
Received a warning word,
Then leaped the thunder from his horn once more,
And battle columns pressed
Like mighty billows to the circling shore.
Shields poised and breast to breast,
Down steep and brake and barren sand-knoll lift
Charged Zuma's spearmen well.
Like heavy tempest aimed without a shift,
Upon the foe they fell,
While from the cliffs the slingmen havoc made

Among the savage hordes ;
Who fled,—their slain they left, and, much dismayed
Plunged to uncertain fords.—

In close pursuit the banded spearmen swept
Till, warming in the east,
The early dawn up the horizon crept,
Then the pursuit had ceased.
There turned Prince Zuma to his trusted friend,—
His friend, Motanoza,—
And bade him to the resting ranks attend.
While he e'er middle day
Return for food, for yucca-robes and spears.
Then hailed they all the name
Of "Zuma brave," with glad acclaim and cheers.
While to the cliffs he came.
Great was the joy in every heart that beat
Within that eery town,
And tuneful voices sang his praises sweet,
Sang of his high renown,
While cedar sprays were garlanded and hung
In arches o'er the ways,
Where pressed his feet, and where the ladders swung
The welcome choral lays
Of youth, rolled out and down along the vale,
Where late the war-cry rang—
"Hail to the brave ! all hail, hail, Zuma, hail !"
Thus all his praises sang.
When all was done to gather arms and food
For yonder waiting band.
And hampered stores conveyed by footmen good
Poured down the bleached sand,
Prince Zuma turned for greeting once again
Within the palace ; where—
With glad eyes straying from the martial plain,—
Lotea stood, most fair.

No words convey the subtleties of soul,
Or tell the love most deep !
For feeling is yet deeper than the dole
Of sounds that lightly leap
From lips that have no office save to part,
And parting break the spell
That binds in union, heart to love-thrilled heart ;
So silence stooped to swell
The moment of their meeting unto hours,
That cradled their sweet hope
In dreaming bliss, and called angelic powers
The heavenly door to ope.

But duty walks with restless step the way
Where loiters love the while ;

With stern advance it gains at last the sway
In hours that cease to smile.
So came at last the parting to the pair.
But with a hope it came
In visions of a future passing fair,
They thought no fate to blame.
Yet did a sadness come and flood with tears
The sweet Lotea's eyes,
For, lurking with that hope were om'nous fears
Which love alone describes.

A tumult rose within Prince Zuma's breast,
And, stepping then apart,
His proud form shook from foot to plumed crest,
Till war had left his heart;
No more he thought to lead his band away,
But cast his weapons there
On the worn ledge, resolved to ever stay
Close by his princess fair.
Then to the height of sacrifice arose
The maiden's willing soul.
On her (frail thing) the goodly star bestows
What fear cannot control.
With kindling eye, her white hand raised and reached
Toward the southern plain,
And firmly poised, she earnestly beseeched—
"My prince, go back again!
E'er yonder sun shall sink again, return!
I trust you evermore,
Still in my breast the fires of love shall burn
For you on distant shore."
He felt his weakness by her measured strength.
He bowed and kissed her hand,
Again he stood erect, then spake at length—
"I go to lead my band."
The last word said, the last embrace, and then
The love-flash, eyes to eyes,
And wid'ning space with secret sign as when
A subtle message flies.
With hurried step adown the plain he went,
His thoughts still straying back,
While feelings strong within his bosom pent,
Still urged a fresh attack.

Again the Prince was with his martial band,
Again his name was cheered,
Astir for war the ranks on every hand
A splendid host appeared.
By victory flushed, impatient of delay,
Each soldier heard command
With tentative ear, then eager, wheeled away
Where foemen made their stand.

Thrice e'er the sun in gorgeous dyes had set,
The routed enemy
Had left their slain on hills, or lowlands wet;
Compelled in haste to flee.
So, wearied as the night came slowly round,
A halt for rest was made
And soon the camp-fires gleamed with fitful bound,
Within a friendly glade.
The pickets by Motanoza were placed,
And yet in careless way,
For, post from post was all too widely spaced
An enemy to stay.

The revelry of victors filled the camp
As hours slipped away,
Until at last on earthly couches damp
The weary warriors lay.
The sharp clear stars looked down upon the scene
That slumber brooded o'er,
And saw at hand the river's flood serene
Far wid'ning from the shore.
"O when will cruel war forever cease,
And love forever be?
When will each truce or narrow stream of peace
Expand in endless sea?"
So questioned Zuma in his fitful sleep
Upon the damp chill glade;
So dreamed Lotea in her slumber deep
On couch of feathers made—
"Old is the story" not of love alone,
For war is still as old—
'Mong weeds of death the human plant hath grown
In stony soil, and cold.

The campfire, waning, shrank in embers few,
And silence filled the night
Save raven's voice, or wind that freshly blew
Soft winged from distant height—
All slept except Motanoza crouched low
Apart in thicket dense,
Expectant that the wily, watchful foe
Would break his weak defense.
To jealousy inclined, its fever burned
The bonds of friendship there.
Once had his heart for Zuma's friendship yearned,
But now he had no care—
The prince to him was but a barrier now
That shut him from her face—
"Should he be least and to Prince Zuma bow,
Not seek Lotea's grace?"
So asked Motanoza, and then—But hark;
A sudden war-cry breaks—

Out of the maze, the willow-glooms, the dark,
The thrilling clangour wakes;
Into the camp then rush the savage hordes
With wild exultant yell;

The guards awake, now seize their flint-edged swords
And rally prompt and well;
But Zuma—where the Prince and leader bold?
They call; he answers not,
Stunned by a blow, the savages now hold
Him captive where he fought.
Like Spartan men the guards withstand the charge,
Yet yield the vantage slow,
Until at last they reach the river's marge
Then backward press the foe.
Again their pillaged camp is surely won,
They cheer their victory;
But where is Zuma; now the battle done,
The prince of chivalry?
In hot retreat their pris'ners urging on,
The savages depart,
And reach protecting heights e'er break of dawn
To ply their torture art.

Still did fatigue and hunger check and stay
Their villainous design;
Until, in fear they pressed upon their way,
With thoughts almost benign,
Two helpless men with thongs their wrists about,
Walked willingly before;
As living trophies of the night's quick route—
"Twould please their chief the more—
So spared, Prince Zuma and his guardsman friend
Were taken far away
Across the plains, where thorny herbs attend.—
— They march for many a day.—

CANTO II.

Back to the camp, we find our sorry band
Searching, but still in vain
For him who strengthened them to bravely stand
Where foemen arrows rain.
The third morn came, then search for him was o'er;
For now Motanoza
With feigned fatigue, sad information bore
Of what he truly saw:
For he, he too a prisoner was made,
That night of strange surprise,"
Where valor's sturdy soul its part had played
In winning back the prize.
"But yesterday he saw the stake prepared
By brawny savage men,

And tortures which he might perchance have shared,
 Were put on Zuma then.
He saw him die, but midst the revelry
 Of savage blind delight,
He slipped the watch, behind a friendly tree
 And made escape in flight."
Thus by deceit and cunning, criminal,
 Motanoza had won;
Yet he who thinks such methods best is dull,
 For soon his race is run.

Justice there is that cometh bye and bye,
 'Tis subtle as the breath!
And none can shun it, how-so-e'er they try;
 It leveleth as death.

Now slow and sad the homeward march began,
 The mid-day sun hung low,
Out from the cliffs the gloomy shadows ran,
 Funeral forms to show.
No more they thought to hear Prince Zuma's voice,
 No more his horn would sound,
Again with them no more would he rejoice,
 In autumn's festive round.
At day's decline their quickened pace had brought
 Them to the village walls,
Where pent excitement o'er their absence wrought,
 Burst forth in strident calls.
Full soon the news of Zuma's death was spread
 To every threshold there;
And filled each heart with grief, and nameless dread,
 That none may wish to share.

No tear was seen upon Lotea's cheek,
 Yet, blanched her lips like stone;
She made no sign, nor did she ever speak—
 The shock of grief to own—
Month followed month, but still her eyes were dry,
 Yet, paler grew her face,
And when alone, the deep distressful sigh,
 The moan, the slower pace,
Told what the heart can suffer without tears,
 Told of intensest grief—
A grief that burrows deeper thru the years—
 Than that by tears made brief.

CANTO III.

Anon, the planting time in peace came round,
 And then the harvest days.
Again the corn in tapered shocks was bound,
 And gleamed thru autumn haze.

Again the harvest festival was come.
Twelve weary months slipped by,
And still Lotea's lips for song were dumb,
For only could they sigh.
Motanoza in vain had sought her love,
No favor had she shown;
Still, still her love for Zuma, sure to prove,
She walked the paths alone.

And now when waked the music and the song,
The revelry of peace;
Light passed the youthful, careless, mirthful throng,
In rounds without surcease.
The mellow wines were deeply, freely quaffed,
Until the social maze
Wove from the mugs o'er which the guilty laughed,
Set dullest eyes ablaze.
And when Motanoza had loosed his tongue
In bowls oft brimming o'er,
His secret from his lips then quickly sprung—
Of part in guilt he bore—
Thus reckless of the consequence, he told
In boastful phrase and light,
To some boon friends, his plotting deep and cold
Upon that fateful night.

Justice! justice! we venerate thy name,
Whether in secret come,
Or yet perchance, in fierce consuming flame,
Completed be thy sum.
To some boon friends he told his treachery.
A secret now no more,
From ear to ear the tale was carried free
Like revelation lore;
And as it spread, a deep and bitter hate
O'er-cast each honest brow,
And shadowed him with sure and vengeful fate,
Too sure for jesting now.

Motanoza now roused by shrinking dread
O what awaited him,
If once again he show his guilty head,
Perceived a passage dim,
Down-winding where the cedar boughs drooped low;
And this with agile pace
Slipped soft along, until he stood below
The cliffs in safer place.
He heard the calls of searching angry men,
Borne clearly from the height,
And thought to seek new habitations, then
Passed on into the night.

No more doth he return, he finds his end,
And his reward is just,
No mercy shall his wretched deeds defend;
Nor meddle with his dust.

On learning what Motanoza confessed,
Lotea's heart grew warm,
Hope sang agalu within her loyal breast,
And strength came in her form,
Her songs were heard where once all silently
She moved the ways along,
And many a soul rejoiced again to be
Where fell her new found song.
Thru all the weeks of winter speeding by,
She looked for Zuma, where
The western plain and mellow twilight sky
Blent in ideals fair.

The spring floods came, the elder blossoms sweet
Spread perfume far and near.
Upon the shore, the rushing waters beat
The olden music dear.

Here came Lotea as in days of old
Within the trysting place,
Where love's pure spirit still its place would hold
In fancied form and face.
Low drooping water-birches brushed the tide
O'er which the linnet sang;
And high along the rugged canyon side,
The sturdy pinon sprang.
The aspen trembled on the interval,
As summer days grew hot;
While on the sands the sage-brush, stiff and dull,
Filled each neglected spot.
The gardens near the moist half-hidden glade
Throve to maturity,
And every scene before the vision laid,
Was fairly set and free.
All things familiar to Lotea's eyes
Took on a brighter hue;
Each passing day brought forth a fresh surprise
Or waked a rapture new.
Yet, why she thrilled she really could not tell;
She only knew that deep
Within her soul, was an unfailling well
Of love and hope, to keep
A freshness and a glory everywhere;
That sometime, somewhere, he,
(Prince Zuma) might with her unblinded share.
O grant that such may be.

Sometimes the soul outruns the facts of life
And sees, forsooth, its fate
Writ clear above the poor world's senseless strife,
O'er things for which we wait.
Sometimes in dreams, truth comes to us so kind,
Our hopes to entertain;
In waking then are we too weak and blind,
Such welcome news to gain?
Some souls there are,—the sensitive and pure—
Who dream awake, and see
The things of life that do, and shall endure,
As grand reality.
Of such Lotea was, and felt assured
By high perceptive sense
That what she wished would somehow be secured
Through kindly Providence.

Thru harvest months she sang the old-time lays,
Melodiously sang;
Sweet as the wind upon the pine-keys plays,
Her mellow numbers rang;
And when, each day the sun had quenched his light
Behind the earth's broad breast
She sought the tower, from which to view the height
Of mountains in the west,
Where fancy found the dwelling place of him,
Who might some autumn eve
Come from the silence, far, and vaguely dim;
Herself to glad receive.

The month of annual festivals was near.
Her loom, with shuttle swift,
Wove finer yet, the milk-weed fabric clear;
To make her mantledrift.
The crystal stalactite in rain-bow hue
Blazed on her throbbing breast.
And shot its arrowed orange, red and blue,
With rich effective zest.
Again the queen, chosen is she of all
The shapely maiden band,
And light the step that matches in its fall;
And white the tapered hand.
Now swells the music of the festive hour,
And sway the graceful forms.
Around the queen, the circle-wave of power
Rolls like the wave of storms.

CANTO IV.

But now, away in distant lodge, and cold
With stubborn thongs bound low,
Where savage men o'er him their councils hold,
Or bend the threat'ning bow;

Prince Zuma waits the pleasure of the Chief
Or, of the Sachem high,
Yet only thinks his life is now but brief;
(Expecting still to die.)
No hope has he of clemency from those
Dark ones of cruel heart;
This, on his life so surely soon to close,
Bears down with pang and smart.
They crowd around (the maids) to view his face;
With sounds and signs they speak
Of this "the chief of some strange foreign race,
Prostrated now and weak;
Whose brother guardsman fell from sheer fatigue
On dreary cactus-plain:
And thus was left out from the camp a league,
To never rise again."

The council sat till night grew cold and late,
And when the morning came,
With deep surprise, he learned a happier fate
Declared his princely fame,
Than he had thought to hope, or even guessed.
His gyves were kindly loosed,
And thongs that harshly cut his aching breast,
Relaxéd were and truced.

Unto the Sachem's lodge he now was led;
By kindly glance assured,
His gratitude he showed—as early bred—
For favor thus secured.
With humble bow he kissed the dusky hand
And freely, warmly pressed,
And made a sign, as ready for command;
If by the Chief addressed.

The Sachem knew his gracious spirit then
and so, resolved to show
Good offices to Zuma soon,—or when
Their language he should know—
Now, anxious that the pale-faced prisoner
Should understand why he
Had not been burned, or tortured with the burr,
But from his bonds set free;
The Sachem turned with wave of hand and spake—
Soft was his voice and low—
In quick response a maiden seemed to wake
From fur-bed white as snow;
Advancing then she stood before the pair
In questioning surprise.
(A perfect face she bore—so darkly fair—
With midnight dreamy eyes.)

The Chief then showed by sign significant,
How she had pled to save
The Prince, thus he found grace her wish to grant;
With bearing gentle, grave,
The Sachem's love for her unmasked appeared;
He signed—"My daughter, she";
Her sire's pride, it seemed she had not feared—
Her name was Winnole.

Time slowly passed and as the spring came round
The Prince more freedom had,
And soon he learned their language, sign and sound,
This knowledge made him glad;
For, could he not some fellowship obtain
Now with the dusky crew?
He sought the chase new favors still to gain
When he for such should sue.

The warriors all observed his prowess then,
Commending much his skill;
When he did chase the cougar to his den,
Or mountain buck did kill.
His guards grew careless in admiring mood,
And ceased restraints to use;
For "did he not provide them with much food?
Should they for such abuse?"
The summer came, and then the autumn time
Its silent hours arrayed;
Then winter with its keen and chilling rime
A part in nature played.

And now a bond of friendship grew apace
'Twixt Zuma and the Chief—
Regard that well our later time would grace
Nor should its reign be brief—
And Winnole, who doubts what she, too, felt;
Ofttimes she softly stepped
A-near the pair, (restoring wampum-belt,
So safely hid and kept
For Zuma, while he entered in the chase
Or sports, to try the strength
Of limb, or prove his power in friendly race.)
And love betrayed, at length.

When, on the plains fierce beat the summer sun
The camp was broken, and
Reformed again where mountain waters run,
Swift through the passes grand;
There often strayed Prince Zuma 'mong the pines
With Winnole as guard;
And plucked wild berries from the tangled vines,
Or rested on the sward.

He understood her love for him, yet told
The dusky maid his life;
Told of his love, that never could grow cold
For one, his chosen wife.
Full oft they found themselves alone, where broke
Sweet fountains from the hills,
Or where the song of linnet gently woke
The echoes into trills.

He still kept faith with her who dwelt apart,
And Winnole well knew
The ceaseless longing in Prince Zuma's heart,
For one alone, was true;
And yet, she hoped the fates would favor her
In some mysterious way,
And in the bosom of the prisoner stir
A love for her, some day.
But when his face grew thin, and paler still,
By constant care impressed;
She thought no more to trespass on his will,
Or tempt his troubled breast.
In silence now, resolved her love to keep
For the fair prisoner's sake;
She stepped within the shadows oft to weep;
Suspicion not to wake.

At length the Sachem saw her silent tears,
And guessed their secret then;
He hoped, however, to assuage her fears
Thru means that she would ken.
One day the Chief with Zuma made his plea
And offered much reward,
If he would plight his troth to Winnole;
And give his truthful word.
Yet, tho the Sachem's words were eloquent,
And great his offered store,
Prince Zuma spurned the kindly Chief's intent,
And spake with him no more.
The night came on, and double guard was placed
Around the lodge where lay
The haughty Zuma who had proudly faced
Their Sachem, aged and gray.
In undertones, fierce savage threats were made
From circling war dance near,
And all the camp against him seemed arrayed;
Still, "why should we have fear?
He only stood firm in the love that burned
Unquenchable and true;
For her away, whose heart no doubt still yearned
Each day to find him too."
While thoughtful thus, within the lodge all dark,
A stealthy footstep came;

A step familiar, and a whisper—Hark!

Slowly repeats his name.

"I come to lead the Prince to safer place,

Follow me; follow me;

This woman's mask a cover for your face—

Wrap in this robe and flee."

Two forms emerge and slowly move away;

Past the grim guards they file,

In the faint light their woman-garments sway,

Suspicioned not the while.

Down to the spring, and thru the thickets dense

That flank a rugged hill;

Swifter their pace, now urged by deep suspense,

And roused by freedom's will.

Far faint the sounds of savage revelry,

As now they thread their way

By rushing stream, that brooks no more to be

Locked in the mountain's gray.

All night they press with hurled footsteps on,

Thru sage and cactus briar,

Nor stay for rest, till opening of the dawn

Had set its eastern fire.

Then paused they 'neath a boulder on the plain,

Some parting words to say;

Prince Zuma blessed the Sachem's child again,

For helping him away.

"Now I return," spake Winnole, "no more

My eyes may see your face;

Love burns my breast, and scars my heart full sore,

That time cannot erase.

Go to your love, yon river leads to her;

I go to deepest grief,

My heart for you its painful pulse will stir,

Nor ever find relief.

Go, white Prince; go, to your loved princess fair;

I pray you flee in haste,

And my poor soul will ever for you care,

While slow my breath shall waste.

Adieu, farewell!" and then she turned away

With deep distressful sigh,

With covered face, shut from the beams of day,

Sad was her hopeless cry.

"Such sacrifice must have reward sometime."

And Zuma's voice was sweet—

"Somewhere in friendship's realm, unmarred, sublime,

Our riven souls will meet."

His last words faintly fell upon her ear,

As stepped she farther out

Upon the plains all desolate and drear;

Beyond his farewell shout.

All day she tolled o'er silent mesas wide,
Where only raven's voice
Croaked thru the haze of ebbing autumn-tide;
To fellows of his choice.
At last she came, (at setting of the sun),
Unto the mountain stream,
Her journey here at last is nearly done;
She wakes from stupor's dream.
Harsh calls and threats arouse her, and she sees
The angry, cruel look
Of savages, who lear and harshly tease,
For she their camp forsook,
And slipped away e'en with the prisoner pale.
Yet, daughter of the Chief
They still must spare, and seek Prince Zuma's trail,
Avenging yet her grief.

To Winnole the weeks went slowly past,
And heart-ache still oppressed,
Her world grew dim, and from its spaces vast,
No healing reached her breast.
On the far peaks she went to weep alone—
By danger's frown beguiled.—
Day after day she pressed the balanced stone.
Hung o'er the canyon wild,
Or on the ledge beside the spring sits she,
When twilight heralds night
And chants a death chant, with the memory
Of love's departed light.
At last too worn, too weak and frail to climb
She pines within the camp,
And gazes up the steep of crumbling lime,
Where mist-wraiths gather damp.

One day in spring the camp was still and hushed;
A sorrow brooded o'er,
The Sachem's head was bowed, his heart was crushed,—
His child would speak no more.—
On ermine couch her thin form silent lay,
A soul deserted shard,
A thing but destined to at length decay,
And from that soul be barred.
On neighboring peak they reared a scaffold high,
And when the evening came,
They placed her there, up near the burning sky,
Repeating still her name.

Arrayed was she in mink and otter robe,
Festooned with wampum-shells,
Her hair contained the poppy's scarlet globe,
And hare-flowers, sapphire bells.

In her thin hand was placed a tiny bow
With arrows in it set;—
Gift from Prince Zuma e'er he chanced to know
Her sorrow and regret.—
Prepared with food for journeying afar,
Equipped full well to go
Outward anon, to some mysterious star;
No friend could say her "no."
Thus, Winnole had died, thus buried, too.
Love, trusting walks with death,
Still, still love's power the wine of life must brew,
Restoring pulse and breath.

CANTO V.

Still in the cliffs the festival is high;
Still move the dancers bland,
Unconscious that their Prince is drawing nigh,
Down on the river's strand.
"Hold there! who comes," hoarse was the sentry's call.
"No enemy shall live;
Our Prince was slain, beware, lest thou too fall;
The countersign can'st give?"

Then Zuma spake, "A countersign have I.
Prince Zuma is my name."
The sentry heard, and could not well deny
Familiar voice that came.
The ladder dropped, the Prince went up in haste.
Full was his heart, and thrilled,
His speech was short, nor gave he time to waste
Till all his doubts were stilled.
To questioning the sentry told him all,
"Lotea, living still,
Waiting in peace, Prince Zuma's loving call;
His councilings and will."

Then to the dance, a shout of joy resounds.
"Hail, Zuma Prince, hail, hail!"
The young men leap with swift competing bounds,
And joyously assail,
Bearing aloft their Knight of Victory,
While maidens sing his praise
In legends filled with high-keyed glory,
Or thrilling martial lays.

Into the space where danced the throng, they march;
The Prince and Princess meet,
Under illuminated harvest-arch,
With fond embrace they greet.
The Patriarch, to view the scene was called,
And with his blessing free,

Prince Zuma as a patriarch installed—
Their ruler now to be.

Soon, flaming high, set all the cliffs along,
The marriage-fires burned;
And, rose once more the festival of song
From olden legends learned.
Now stepped they forth, (the Prince and Princess fair),
And one,—a matron good—
Who tied the marriage scarf around the pair.
"Thus be it understood
The twain are one," said she, "the link will hold
Thru future years, 'twill be
Bond of their souls, when flesh shall palsy cold,
And great eternity
Shall cradled life enfold, as pigmy mite
Is held by yonder star,
It still will hold; like silk-weed cordage white,
These bonds untarnished are."

Then, brim the mugs with white pulque's richest brew,
While canyon-deep resounds
With merriment and shouts, swift passing thru
The night in wide rebounds.
Then wakes again the throbbing music low,
From earthen bowls atune,
And heaving bosoms white as drifting snow,
Whirl in ecstatic swoon.

The morning comes, the revelers retreat;
Sleep overtakes at last,
And in their dreams the tuneful sounds repeat
And hold the sleepers fast,
So sleep they yet, the centuries away;
Their fields no more to till.
Their quarried homes with changeless mould are gray;
Their sleep grows deeper still.

POEMS OF REFLECTION.

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THE LOTUS-TIDE.

On Reading D. O. S. Lowell's "Journey up the Nile,"

Constant, constant slips the tide
Past the muddy banks, and low;
Past the desert reaches wide,
Constant, constant, dull and slow,
Slips the tide, and shifts the sand
Where the tombs of Memnon rise,
Where the mossless pillars stand
'Neath the deeps of shadeless skies,
Flows the tide with solemn pace
Near by Isis, silent still;
Near by Thebes, with mummied race
Yet asleep in quarried hill.
Soft through Luxor's ancient aisles
Waft the ripple's monotone,
And where carven Philae smiles
Soft the Lotus-waters drone.
Domes where sleep the phophets old;
Towers where watched astronomer,
Still reflect their masses bold;
Charming still the floods astir.
Lotus-pulse, with measure slow;
Over-lap of dream profound;
Veil of sensuous afterglow;
Echo's faintest, last rebound;
Such, O land! is now thy meed,
Hushed by countless centuries,
"Lethe still," thy races plead;
On thy breast the Lotus lies.

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

There is a spirit round about us here,
 Unnamed, unknown, unseen,
And all our efforts, weak through love or fear,
 Move not the shodowy screen
That hangs impalpable before our sight
 And shuts from us this power.
And yet, we feel, and sense, and guess the light,
 And picture each, this hour,
Some fount in which we bathe, our souls to heal,
 Or semblance of some good, to which we kneel,
Not as the slave, but as the equal heart,
 Not separate, but of the good a part.



FATE.

O, softly singing, subtle sea
Of human hopes and destiny;
Thy luring note doth ever draw,
Through never changing, certain law.

To thee—as to the ocean's deep
The winding rivers onward sweep—
We rush, and find in thee at last,
Our haven; dim, unfathomed, vast.

WHEN CHRISTMAS-TIDE WAS BORN.

In olden days, far back in pagan time;
When Troy was flourishing,
When Rome was naught, and Thebes was in her prime;
There was a hint of Spring
As from his southern trip the sun turned back,
To throw his quick'ning light
And heat, on shivering Earth, and mark his track
Again with short'ning night,
With length'ning day, and higher climb at noon;
And so, the people said:
"Osirus smiles; our god of day will soon
With flow'ry spring be wed."
And thus, the solstice of the Winter drear,
Was hailed with glad acclaim
By many tribes, as, surely drawing near,
The fir'y sun-wheel came.
Then, Odin, ushered in the Yule-tide joys,
Of festive dance and song;
Of feasts and games, and quaintly fashioned toys,
With cymbal and with gong.
And Northward, over Europe far it spread,
—This Yule-tide revelry—
Until, at last, through Christian church it led
To Him of Galilee.
Thus, centered on "the shining One," who cast
The truth-light upon man,
His birth-memorial-day was placed at last
Where Odin's feasts began.
So, out of ancient myth and festival,
Comes modern sacred morn,
Then, thanks to nature's glowing miracle,
When Christmas-tide was born.

SERENITY.

Serene they stand, yon mountains gray and old;
Crowned by the clouds, or snow,
In summer's blush, or winter's pallid cold;
Nor struggles do they know.

We look unto their lofty slopes afar!
Soft melting into sky;
And see bright Venus—love's symbolic star—
Upon their summits lie.

And as the twilight deepens round their feet,
May we the lesson feel
That they so grandly, silently repeat
To us, in woe or weal.

Whenever sweep the winds adverse and drear,
Along our earthly way;
Serene as yonder mountains, without fear,
Stand every storm at bay.



WANT.

How-so ever much we blame;
Wants oft blaze the way to fame.
From the Poet want hath wrung
Songs the sweetest ever sung.
With the Sculptor and the Sage,
Want hath dwelt, in every age;
And the world could never tell
Why they wrought and taught so well,
But I would that you should know
How the inborn talents grow.
'Tis through toil and want and pain,
Men their highest powers gain,
By the wants of deep desire
Genius builds its subtle fire.

MAY WINDS.

Blow, winds of May!
Open the flower eyes,
Break mists, and bid them rise,
Unfolding fairest skies
 Of all the year.
Down through the forest aisles
Blow warm, till beth-bloom smiles
 O'er tangles sear.

Blow, winds of May!
Aeolian numbers low,
While rocking to and fro
The blossoms, white as snow.
 Come from the west,
And, as the petals fall,
Oh, waft them one and all,
 Softly to rest.

Blow, winds of May!
And bear the perfumed breath
Of buds that openeth
Upon the mounds of Death;
 To all who grieve,
Be thou angelic wings
Whose subtle ministerings
 Their comfort leave.

HOPE.

Hope, like the day, hath wings.
Soon as its whisperings
Have touched our hearts.
Unbid it glids away,
E'en as the flight of day
When light departs.

As day unbid returns,
And morning gently burns
Her incense sweet,
So, hope will come again,
And be as dear as when
It vanished fleet.



OLD AGE.

Yonder the whit'ning shore of age
Lies dimly in the mellow light,
Like some unmarked, unwritten page,
Half sheltered from approaching night.
Nor flush of passion dyes the strand,
Nor proud ambition rears its fane,
Secure the pale sojourners stand
And peacefully survey the main.

Behind them lie the greener slopes
And rugged steepes of youth's desire;
The symbols of their ardent hopes,
The passage-signs of souls afire.
Before them stretch the realms of faith,
Across the mist enshrouded sea,
Inhabited by friendly wraith,
And hallowed by a life to be.

UNITY.

At midnight on my couch I heard
The rushing winds go by,
As in procession grimly stirred
These heralds from the sky.
While up and down the branches swung
Their weird and shapeless hands,
In time with greeting slowly sung
To passing aerial bands.

I slept; and then I heard once more
The tramping of the storm,
That woke the echoes from the shore
Of ocean's spectral form.
I heard the voices of the deep
In unison with those
Of wind and storm that over-sweep
The world in night's repose.

Wild seemed the tumult, yet, withal,
A symphony came sweet
From out the billows' rise and fall,
Nor can I e'er repeat
The matchless melody that rung
From the æolian train,
And moved the somber trees among
And chorded with the rain.

Lo! here, I said, in nature's ways
Is harmony sublime.
Through blasts at night and light of days
Or shocks of hast'ning time,
Is the eternal purpose still,
Relating perfectly
The modes of human course and will
With continents and sea.

THE PAST.

On the narrow strip of land,
Where we in the present stand,
Twixt two oceans, deep and vast,
One, the future, one the past;
We are prisoners cast away,
We are prisoners, and for aye
Looking towards the rosy East,
Looking towards the crimson West,
We should question not the least,
Where; and where, abideth rest?

In the ocean at our back,
Showing naught of sign or track,
Without ebb or flow of tide,
Shoreless all, and endless wide;
In this dim Eternal deep
All our loves shall wake, or sleep,
All that we have felt or known,
In the past shall aye endure,
All that we may call our own
Resteth there, and is secure.

Blow, ye blasts; across life's bar,
Where our stranded vessels are,
Blow from off the future's main;
Bearing endless toil's refrain,
Break upon this bar; O wave
Of the future; firm and brave,
Yet, thou canst not cross this strip,
Second-wide, and frail as mist;
Brief as breath from pallid lip,
Or the shadow, light has kissed.

So, a shelter all shall find
Where the Verities are kind.
Down behind the Isthmus bleak
Sink the strong, and sink the weak,
And in shoreless Paradise,
Built of deathless songs and sighs,
Men and nations, thoughts and things
Meet and mingle, thus, to be
Where the past in triumph sings
Through the long Eternity.



SUNTIDE.

This way the suntide sets, from Southern clime,
In-flowing from the springs of time,
And floods the brown Earth to its highest hills
With liquid life-renewing thrills.

Higher: higher, with subtle pulse apace,
Drowning the lands with mellow grace,
Bearing upon its golden breast, the flowers
Of prairie plains, and woodland bowers.

O'erlapping then, the marge of Northern sea,
Where wakes no herbage, bird or tree;
List; list the crash of Ice-King's crystal throne,
And less'ning berg's dull monotone.

Whelmed in the thermal waves, nature renews
Its form of grace, and ruddy hues;
Leaving at last with Autumn, far and wide
Its fruits, stranded by ebbing tide.

LIGHT.

Beauty thou forever makest,
In the world and in the soul,
And perfection ever wakest,
Rounding out and making whole.

Thou dost kindle without number
Fires that light the earth and sky;
Starry orbs that never slumber
Speak thy matchless majesty.

Countless shadows thou hast riven
With thy colors opulent,
And though far the night has driven,
Yet thy power is still unspent.

Through the moods of thy dissolving;
Pulsing circles without end—
Mysteries of life are solving;
Upward, man and all things tend.

Time in æons comes, to vanish,
While thou, steadfast, holdest sway,
From us, O forever banish
Blindness, by thy chemistry.

THE FUTURE.

O, the mountains lifting yonder,
Through the valley-glooms of Earth!
There upon their lofty summits
Is where future things have birth.

Yonder, all our hopes are anchored;
Where the purple slopes ascend,
Where the soft mirage ideal,
All the distant peaks attend.

Though our lives be filled with darkness,
And our souls with sorrow's blight,
Oft we look unto the future
Where appears no sign of night.

For the sunshine gilds with glory
The imperian far ahead;
Leading ever to the longed-for,
Whither cherished hope hath sped.

As the winter, sure returning
To perfect the circling year;
So we, pass to life's renewal
Through the Death-frost and the bier.

Yet, beyond the stream of Lethe,
Still the future vast unfolds,
And through cycles without number;
Mighty stores of knowledge holds.

TWO OLD GRAVES BY THE SEA.

Upon a ridge of thirsty, shifting sand,
Two lonely graves are these,
Where briny waters meet the barren land,
And ever wails the breeze.
Where distant surf calls unto surf more near,
And solemn sounds pervade the atmosphere.

Two sunken slates still mark the spot where rest
The wasting forms of men,
Who sailed upon the restless ocean's breast
Its distant isles to ken,
And homeward bound, to rough New England coast,
Met fogs off Grand Manan—death's dreaded ghost.—

Old be their graves, yet, when the rising tide
Creeps up the sandy reach,
They gaze upon the waters spreading wide,
And slowly pace the beach,
I look upon them as they calmly tread
The grassless shore, and cannot think them dead.

Waiting, still watching seaward, who may know
What hopes still swell each breast,
At morn, or noon, or when the sun is low,
Red'ning the hill-fringed west,
What ships may rise to signal them again
Out of a far, unfathomed, viewless main?



Wing of the Northern gull
From which I pluck this quill!

TO A GULL'S WING.

Wing of the Northern gull,
From which I pluck this quill;
When wind and waters lull,
Thy pulse is almost still,
But when the storm-King, grand,
Sweeps over sea and land,
Thy flight, in circles wide
Is fearless 'gainst the tide.

All day, preceding storm,
The sailor's eye doth mark
Thy white and swinging form.
Above his rolling barque,
Far from the stable shore,
Strong pinion; thou dost soar;
Unmindful how the deep
Dark waters roll and leap.

Through thee, O, pinion white;
My heart doth stronger beat,
And brighter grows the light
My soul would rise to meet,
Through thee, I feel the power,
That in the tempest-hour
Can nerve the weakest wing
Or soul, for conquering.

UPLIFTED.

Last eve how narrow the whole world seemed
How common the stars that faintly beamed,
The sunset was tame as cloudless noon,
All dreary and blank and pale full moon;
I slept a dreamless and heavy sleep,
And when the night-shades had ceased to keep
Vigils o'er moorland valley and hill,
I arose in doubt, with weakened will,
Blind to the beauties of sovereign day,
Deaf to the warblers of sweetest lay.

The fair day lengthened till shadows crept
Out of the forest where they had slept
Through the hot mid-day, and fields all bare
Glowed with a harvest that sickles spare.
A change passed o'er me, an astral shower
Uplifted my soul on wings of power;
And harvests untouched by laboring swain
Smiled on the bosom of Fancy's plain;
Waved in the branches of fruitless tree,
And southerly winds were ripe, for me.

There's a world mid-way 'twixt life and death,
We enter on dream's enchanting breath;
It lies unbounded by substance known,
Is filled with flowers that once have grown
Low under our feet on common clay,
And harvests of fruits, of grain and hay,
In years ago are here revealed—
Ah, long do they lie from us concealed—
Unshorn by sickle, untouched by time,
They bear the beauties of every clime.

And so I entered that mystic state;
My doubts now vanished, with all their weight;
Freshness and beauty were everywhere;
Fields seemed limitless, woodlands most fair;
I climbed the hillside through pasture lands
Where the view of vale and plain expands;
By a singing brook I loitered long,
And drew this lesson from its low song:
"However lowly thy lot may be,
Have courage, and smile and sing, like me.

"Though rugged and rough the mountain's side,
With tireless song I onward glide;
The brambles are dense and roots are strong,
Dark are the forests, the way is long,
Still to the ocean I seek my way
Through darkness of night and glare of day;
'Neath shackles of frost and winter's snow,
Through wilderness wastes I whirl and flow,
Onward forever, the sea doth draw
All rivers and streams by tractive law."

The influence strong of ocean wide,
Far up the river to mountain side,
Through nature's habit we surely find,
However the stream may curve and wind.
With man abiding, this law holds good,
And through all nature the fatherhood
Of God approacheth and holds its sway
In every mortal through hidden way;
Infinite goodness man thoughtless seeks,
Natural as ocean is sought by creeks.

The rune of the brook I dream today
Is the roar of the ocean far away;
Its tuneful waves on a tiny bar
The song of a sturdy mariner;
The pattering leap from rock to rock
Swells into wildest breakers' shock,
And moss-banks rising up from its rim
Are rocky headlands, distant and dim;
I see the glancing, silvery stream,
Broad as the endless sea of my dream.

I listlessly rock on swelling surge
While bending o'er the pebbled verge;
Strange distant islands lands purple with haze,—
The leaves on the shoals of plastic clays;—
Full many a ship completely manned
Sails down the brook to my dream's fair strand.
As beetle or fly go hastening past,
With bark for a ship, and twig for mast,
The life of the sea is in each stream,
And worlds grow larger when mortals dream.

Better the idle dreams of an hour,
If they lift the soul above the lower
Of doubt and distrust, of strife and pain;
Than a thousand years for worldly gain.
Fancy is better than selfish strife,
Soaring is better than plodding life;
Dreaming is profit and doth reveal
The universal, unchanging seal
Of wisdom, that stamps each passing day
With a potency, a living ray.

AUTUMN TEXT.

The fall-tide overlaps the hill,
And mellow days distill their wine,
Fields in the valley, ripe and still,
Through leagues of haze but dimly shine,
October hath a pensive mood;
Her subtle frost's lethean touch
A spell doth cast upon the wood,
That fills its aisles with solitude.

Mark now, the slow decreasing beat
Of nature's pulse through every scene.
O'er-strewn with leaves in close retreat.
The brook frets onward neath the sheen
Of rose-warm skies, the stir of wings
Amid the half-bare branches, raise
Belated birds from hidden springs
And tell of southward journeyings.

O, Sabbath spell, of all the year!
Sweet fall the echo's through thy breath,
Though woods and fields are growing sear,
Such, surely, are not signs of death,
Transmuted to the realm of thought,
Thy palsied scenes burst into bloom;
And stretch (with fairest prospects fraught)
Where sleety storms and frosts come not.

Though dropping leaf in whispers sad
A prophecy of winter makes,
It falls to make the world more glad
When nature from its sleep awakes,
The blush of roses, pink and red,

(Though vanished from such tender form)
Still lingers in the sky outspread,
When flowers fade, and birds have fled.

And so in life's eternal round
There is no loss of good or truth,
From pale endurance, thought shall bound
Unto the clear quick brain of youth,
There shall it grow in broader light
Than rests on stranded, wasting things;
Revealing colors strong and bright,
Uplifted to a common sight.

The journeyings to spring are ours,
From waning warmth of sun to May—
From nakedness to regal bowers
Each soul doth wing its destined way.
Not aimless do our seasons ply
Their endless changes, drear and fair;
But spur the better thought to try
More splendid voyages bye and bye.



THOUGHT.

Thought is the light'ning of the soul,
That flashes on the way,
(Where sullen clouds of life unroll)
With penetrating ray.

So is the murky night of time
Cleansed of its ignorance,
And destiny unfolds, sublime,
In hope's undimmed expanse.

PERFECTION.

Each, perfect of its kind,
Fulfil the law;
Nature's eternal work
Betrays no flaw.



A SONG.

A song for bleak November,
Whose bounding breezes chill,
Sigh through the naked forests,
And sweep the browning hill.

A song for hoary thistles
And leaf-banks, sear and grim;
For unmasked brooks and heathlands
And pools where wild duck skim.

Deserted nests still clinging
In friendly stunted thorn,
And creaking reeds akimbo
'Mong withered stalks of corn,

Make melancholy music,
Like ghosts of Adrain's hall,
And bow their doubtful welcome
To Winter's gathering pall.

NEW YEAR.

Hush, hush, the year is born,
We stand upon the threshold of a realm untried;
Again descends a morn
Which prophesies and sings midst winter's frosty tide.

Go from the city's din
To where the naked woodlands skirt the frozen stream,
There summer's gentle kin
Stir in their semi-sleep, thrilled with a sweet new
dream.

If thou wouldst hear the song,
Divine the dream; seek nature and her circling train
Of seasons, endless, strong.
Awake, look up, like flowers after snow and rain.



NIGHT.

'Tis night, becalmed like sleep of death,
Deep, strangely mute, nor sigh, nor breath
Doth stir the mystery profound;
Whose veil of shadow folds around
All but the stars,
Alike its benedictions fall
O'er vale and hill, and traffic hall,
Soothing all jars.

Dost love the day, and deem its power
More worthy than the vesper hour?
Yield, man! and lay thy work aside;
Peace will be thine, while shadows hide
Earth's offerings.
Haste not, O, soft-robed night, but stay!
O'er-shadowing the pomp of day
With thy broad wings.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

LIFE. *

I know not really what thou art,
But know O life! we cannot part;
Death's curtain does not fall between
My sight and that on which I lean.
By law united, we shall be
United thus eternally!
Nor beat of heart, nor thought, nor breath,
Nor thou, dear life, art lost in death,
The body, which doth waste and die!
It is not thou, it is not I;
I am the center, thou the shield,
We are devinely linked and sealed.
Where thou wouldst go, I sure am there,
And whether "night or morning," share
With thee sorrows and tears, or birth
Into the glories not of Earth.



TRUTH.

Eternal truth, whose laws encompasseth
The soul, the body and the fleeting breath,
Our lisping tongues can never hope to tell
From whence proceeds thy everlasting spell.

Love? Thou art love! thou art its power and grace,
Thou dost endow with light, the beaming face,
In passing cloud, and in the sunset fair,
Or, in the deepest night, we feel thee there.

O, passive truth, unyielding, awful, grand,
At last thou bring'st the tribes of every land
To know thee well, and wisdom giveth all,
Else death would be, and make of life a pall.

*Answer to "Life," by Mrs. A. R. Barbauld.

THE WALTZERS.

Sounds of revelry awaken
The slow pulses of the night,
And the slumbering air is shaken
By the tread of dancers light,
Swell the varied chords sonorous,
As the gliding waltzers swing,
And a sweet nocturnal chorus
Steals abroad on stately wing.

There's a movement like the ocean
Sounding on its endless rim,
And the grace inspired motion
Of each shadow dark or dim
Wakes the heart to action stronger,
Casts its burdens all away,
For the soul can pine no longer,
Where such revel holds its sway.

As though by Apollo haunted,
Glide the waltzers pair by pair,
'Till the place seems all enchanted
By the spirits of the air.
Circle into circle enters
Like the fancies of a dream,
And their swift dissolving centers
Pass like ripples o'er a stream.

They who tread the mystic measure
Heed not how the moments speed,
For, its all-absorbing pleasure
Fills the soul for every need.
And through music's mellow mazes,
Led by sweet concording powers,

Every heart doth sing its praises
Unto pleasure-brimming hours.

Chide them not, O, ye who sadly
Look upon the festal play,
Though they chase and whirl so madly,
And the moments fling away,
Youth and strength, and love and beauty
Are for naught and worthless here,
If they mean but sober duty,
Without heart inspiring cheer.

When the music is forever
Hushed, that thrills young hearts to-night,
And the grave shall rudely sever
Life from form, and form from sight,
There will be a glad reunion,
In a brighter, grander hall,
And the bonds of blessed communion
Will unite the waltzers all.



SUMMERLAND.

Land of perpetual flowers!
Thy fragrant breath I feel.
O land, from thy fresh bowers
What power comes to heal!

No frosts e'er touch the bloom
Eternal on thy shore;
No clouds e'er cast their gloom
On hills that stretch before.

O land! the waves that reach
Thy low white mystic strand,
Make music on the beach
Sweeter than seraph band.

My soul grows hopeful, strong;
'Waked by thy prospects fair;
And so, repeats the song
That thrills thy hallowed air.



AMBITION.

A burning fever of the mind,
Illusive phantom, stubborn, blind,
It plants the soul with poison weeds;
And sows the world with sorrows seeds,
Accursed thing ambition is,
That fills our life with miseries,

To genius, it is pall and blight,
To duty, it is ruin's night,
It strangles honor, and the good,
Dethroning man and womanhood;
It shuns no measure, mean or base,
Whereby to gain the sought-for place.

Disease of nation civilized!
Nothing should be so little prized,
Nor love, nor pride, nor trembling fear
Should wait upon ambition's bier,
When he lies dead and ever still;
No more to rule, command, or will.

SPPRIT OF HUMANITY.

To be unselfish in both thought and deed,
Forgetful of no good,
And e'er responsive to another's need
Of love, or hope, or food;
Be strong of will, to challenge wrong 'gainst those
Of weak defense, and swift
To step before the tyrant's heartless blows,
His slaves to shield and lift.
To blame not those who fall, misfortune's prey,
Nor censure they who trip.
Such be the spirit that controls alway,
The thought, the hand, the lip
Of him who feels and lives humanity,
And knows full well the worth
Of throbbing hearts, and struggling souls at sea
Upon this grim old earth.



LOVE.

What makes the mists aglow with light,
Or star-gleams through deep sorrow's night;
Or yet, the intimations fair
Of hope's fulfillment, wildly rare?

What flushed extravagance is this,
That reckless, brews the wine of bliss;
And pours into each melting hour
The subtle draughts of life and power?

O, is it not a master wand
Distilling virtues, pure and grand?
Methinks 'tis love; that highest goal,
And sweetest perfume of the soul.

MARGUERITE.

Sing of Greek, or Albion daughters;
Of the faces fair and sweet,
But I know of one who's fairer,
And her name is Marguerite.

Not a face severely classic,
Such as crowd the halls of art,
Surely hers hath softer lighting;
Radiance from a noble heart.

Yes, the poet well might ponder,
And in rhythms seek to trace
To their varied subtle sources,
All the natures of her grace.

In her life, the breath of summer
Lingers with the winter's chill,
And the ripples of a fountain
Meet an ocean, deep and still.

Sober Autumn, ripe and mellow,
Wreaths in harvest gold her brow,
While through all this wealth seem stealing,
Perfumes from the Springtime's bough.

Music, of the gliding measure,
Threads its way through martial strain,
Hopeful chords of courage speaking,
Mingle with the sad refrain.

Aye, within her life completed;
Strong in contrast yet subdued;

Opposites in nature's phases,
Balance find in sweetest mood.

Pure and modest as a flower,
Firm in action, true and just,
Sympathies in broadest measure,
And a soul that keeps its trust.

Sing of Greek, or Albion daughters;
Of the faces fair and sweet,
But I know of one who's fairer,
And her name is Marguerite.



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL.

Lowly their forms are laid
On sunny hill, in woodland shade,
Deep in the tent of rest,
All silently upon the breast
Of Earth they lie;
Beneath the summer sky.

The bugle's blast no more
Shall call them where the volleys pour,
Nor break the stillness where,
Armored in dust, alike they share,
With lethal breath,
The comradeship of Death.

The flow'ry wreaths we bring;
While songs of memory gladly ring
Our thoughts of gratitude,
And o'er the scene all gently brood
Their spirits bright,
Free from the battle's blight.

THE WATCH.

I watch far down upon the dreary headlands of life's
stormy coast;

Albeit, men declare the light, and of our civil sunrise
boast.

The atmosphere is heavy with the dun robes of
hypocrisy

That bar the light of truth from us as fogs shut out
the light of day.

Hopeful, I watch! for hope alone can measure the dark
distance, spread

With ruin wrought by selfishness, by greed and shrink-
ing dread

That lies between the awful wastes of our relentless
savagery

And the sweet morn of "Peace on Earth," in that (but
dreamed) fair yet to be.



GOD'S PROPHECY.

Last eve, at sunset when the twilight came,

I saw a mighty belt of light

Stretch far athwart a sky devoid of flame;

And deeply piled with clouds of night.

No tongue ought venture to a theme so great;

And yet, I said, "God prophesies."

Across the background of man's wars and hate,

Dim with the wrongs of centuries;

With shaft of light, Omniscience points the way

Through still unfathomed mists of life;

To where shall dawn for man, unclouded day,

Born of a love that knows not strife.

IROQUOIS' BURIAL.

The moon had set in the cold grey west,
And the early dawn was dim:
When they laid her low in the mound to rest,
With plaintive chant and hymn.
Around them stood, with their great forms bowed,
And with silence wrapped about;
The sturdy oaks, and the pines high browed,
All passive and devout.

Then spake the chief, with his dark head bare;
"We have gathered here my braves,
To guide the soul of Oleta fair,
Free from this land of graves.
The Great Spirit calls, his voice is deep,
We must wish her here no more;
Though our hearts be sad, and we must weep,
Let us speed her on before."

"Let go the bird*: and its flight shall guide
Oleta's spirit through the wood:
O'er the dim waters, stormy and wide,
To where our warrior spirits, good,
Wait for her coming, their council talk.
Let go the bird and watch its flight,
It shall pass the fierce swift sparrow-hawk,
Out towards the fading gloom of night."

*It is said of the Iroquois, and other Eastern tribes, that a feature of the burial ceremony, was that of freeing a bird over the grave, that it might guide the spirit of the deceased to the "happy hunting-grounds."

“The radiant hills of yonder land
Shall hold the echoes of her voice,
She soon will join our increasing band,
In hunting-grounds where all rejoice.
With light canoe she will part the spray
Of crystal rivers, deep and clear;
Or, far in the forest shadows stray
And trail the fawn, without a fear.”

“When parching heat of the summer noon
Shall cease, along yon purple vale:
And from the heights, the autumnal moon
Sheds o’er the wigwam’s, silver pale:
From yonder land she will journey back,
A message bearer from our dead.
Her spirit takes the Eternal track,
Now, from its cage the bird has sped.”



TO OUR FLAG.

Flag of the patriot-souls of our fathers;
Flag of our country, for freedom unfurled;
Still thou dost float as liberty’s beacon,
O’er the rich plains of the great western world.

Born from the deeps of relentless oppression;
Flower of truth, with thy magical glow,
Stir us again with the patriot spirit,
Truer than any that monarchies know.

O, when the dark clouds of war hovered over;
When treason assailed, in hatred and scorn,
A million brave men stepped swift to thy shadow,
A million true women of love’s dream were shorn.

Yet, out from the smoke of the battle have risen
Stars that are new, on the blue of thy plain;
May never they dim in mists of contention
May never they set in darkness again.

Symbol of progress, inspire our people
With love, that will stand for justice and right,
For brotherhood's law and human advancement,
Still onward and up, the future to light.

Dost thou, with all thy white stars, still assure us
That tyranny's ban shall never have place
Under these skies that so kindly bend o'er us,
In the fair lands that are ruled by thy grace?

Then wave, noble banner, on winds that respond
With power that raised thee through heroes and fire;
Spread forth thy broad wings o'er thy sons and thy
daughters,
And lead them upward to truths that are higher.



WILL HE WANDER BACK?

Will he wander back some day, some day,
From the land of dreams, the land of sleep;
And, parting again the curling spray
Of the unseen tides that 'round us sweep;
Will he kiss my cheek and grasp my hand?
O, will he speak from that hidden land?

Some day, dear heart, he will wander back
From the land of dreams, the land of sleep,
And, taking again the misty track
That winds to the river, broad and deep,
He will cross, and you will hear him speak;
He will grasp your hand and kiss your cheek.

WINTER AT GETTYSBURG.

I am crossing the line to the cold white camp,
In physical armour, no picket confronts me,
I see not the gleaming of fires or lamp;
Though a stillness like night hangs over and haunts
me.

The cannon is silent, no more in these hills
Shall war's desolation break forth in wild clashes,
The form of a hero, each shallow trench fills;
But his spirit is free from the mildewed ashes.

Drift over them gently, and over them deep
Ye snows of December, while nature reposes,
They heed not our winter (O, why do we weep);
They care not that summer has gone with its roses.

Drift tenderly over the mounds on this hill,
Fill up the dark furrows, and fallen leaves cover,
Raise up your white barracks, protecting them still,
(The patriots) brother, and husband, and lover.

They vanished like dew 'neath a desert's hot blast,
(I need not recite here the desolate story)
So, softly around them, a benison cast,
Each sodden tent mantle with emblems of glory.



BEYOND.

Beyond the lines of mortal sense,
The flowing tides of providence
Waft onward every good desire
To sweet fulfillment, through the fire
Of loss appear new promises,
And from decay new things arise.



O, then, who dreamed of a tempest,
Of a bleak and rocky shore?

A BOAT AND BROKEN OAR.

I sing you a song of billows
That break on a rugged shore,
Of a clouded sky and tempest,
Of a boat and broken oar.
So, hush; and list to the sobbing
Of tides as they come and go;
They weary not, eternally,
Of rocking, solemn and slow.

I sing of a ship sea-worthy,
And fleet as a long-winged bird,
Of a crew of hardy sailors,
Who laughed when the deep was stirred,
Who sang, when the sails were filling
In the forest-sheltered bay,
With breezes fair as e'er came out
On the mighty sea to play.

O, then, who dreamed of a tempest,
Of a bleak and rocky shore?
Or of waves, that coldly whisper,
Of the hearts that beat no more?
Who dreamed that e'er the soft twilight
Of evening should scarce be flown,
The rushing of storm would mingle
With the sailor's dying groan?

Alas, alas for the sobbing
Of tides, as they come and go,
They weary not, eternally,
Of rocking solemn and slow.
And slowly they rise, in telling
To a dark and rugged shore,

TO COLORADO.

(First to adopt equal suffrage for Women).

Well done! sons of the sun-kissed state!
To suffrage grant our gentler kind,
In breaking down the prisoning gate
Of old dogmatic rule and grind.

O, people loyal to the truth,
In justice balance cast and weighed,
Thou lendest now thy strength and youth
To progress, much too long delayed.

We hail thee; crowned with righteous deed,
The stalwart race whose love of right
Beams like a star through fogs of creed,
Or beacons, set amidst our night.

Like thine own mountains, thou dost reach
O state, above our selfishness,
And through thy people's voice doth teach
The law that should the whole world bless.

Shame on all men who claim the right
To bar the way to equal place—
Of woman with her clearer sight,
Without a blush of deep disgrace.

The beast in man is still at war
With higher sense of love and law,
Yet comes the day when he no more
Such lines of selfishness will draw.

Bright Colorado, as thy name,
The page of history thou hast made,
It flashes up a cleansing flame,
A sword of truth, a pruning blade.

Lead on, O, broad, bright people, lead;
For as thy mountains crown the land,
(First to respect our woman's need,)
Crown of the century thou dost stand.



JUNE TEXT.

Month of the million shuttled loom;
Swift, yet in silence weaving
The circlets green, and crowns of bloom,
O'er cottage porch and vaulted tomb;
Thou hast no sign of grieving.

Then why should we despairing, grieve
At changes in life's pattern,
That come anon as swift we weave;
For soon or late, we shall retrieve
(Like thee) the waste of Saturn.

And then shall bloom within the heart,
The flowers of youth Eternal;—
No more to be of death a part,
Or goal of winter's snowy dart,—
In blossom-lands, supernal.

OLD BATTLE FLAG.

Flag of our nation; thou hast kept
Liberty's pledge on sea and land,
Those who, in chains of slavery wept,
Stretched to thee the sable hand,

And thou didst heed them, thou didst save
For Columbia's hosts so brave
Fought beneath thy shadowing fold;
E'er we thought to call thee old.

Flag of our fathers, may it be
Sign of broadest liberty,
Cherished alike by all who tell
Stories of its magic spell.



VISITORS.

They come! they come!
The shadowing forms,
Across the wastes of night,
And the soul awakes,
And glows and warms,
Before those phantoms white.

They come! they come!
On aerial wings,
To shores of sense and time,
And the doubtful heart
Takes hope, and sings
Its song of truth sublime.

TRUE LOVE EVER LIVES.

Under rainbows, you and I,
Trode, one day, a pathway bright,
From fair flowers the butterfly
Spread its gauzy wings in flight.
Fragrant air from bloom distilled,
All the groves and meadows filled.

On our left and right were strewn
Unbound sheaves of golden wheat,
And the path was overgrown
Near the wood, with roses sweet,
In the copse beside the lane,
Softly sang the thrushes twain.

From our thoughts had flown all care,
Nature's trance upon us fell;
And we, loving, loitered there.
(Every heart its dreams will tell,
If another, less intense,
Shows a proper confidence.)

Doubting not that either would,
In the years slow passing by,
Ever be less understood,
Much we trusted, you and I,
And the warblers seemed to say,
"Life is all a holiday."

* * * * *

Now the snow is on the hill,
Frosts have seared the summer flowers,
And a spirit, dread and chill,

Haunts the winter ruined bowers;
Garnered are the yellow sheaves,
And the rose has shed its leaves.

Butterfly with neverless wings
In the hollow hearted thorn
By a death attraction clings,
And its sleep will have no morn,
Summer loves and butterflies
Die beneath the winter skies.

Seasons come and seasons go,
But true love grows never less,
Winter hurls his darts of snow,
Summer dons her flow'ry dress,
Yet, the soul from these apart,
Rules the action of the heart.

Give me, then the love that warms
'Neath the adverse strokes of fate,
That, unyielding 'mid life's storms,
Proves its power as truly great;
Such is not of place or clime,
And outlasts the shocks of time.



TRANSMUTATION.

Out of the dregs of sorrow
Out of the throes of pain
Burst the blooms of tomorrow
Arise the things that were slain.

LIBERTY.

Out from the heart Eternal,
 With movement slow, sublime,
I heard a deep voice, echo
 Along the shore of time.
No wavering accent struggled
 With ought of earth or air,
For, through the realms of Nature
 Was freedom, everywhere.

My soul was filled with gladness;
 With boundless hope and peace,
I said: "This voice is Holy
 And may it never cease."
I turned unto my brother,
 And asked if he, too, heard
The splendid revibration
 Of that exalting word.

But lo! he looked up sadly,
 With questioning sincere,
His face was stamped with slavery
 And apprehensive fear.
He did not hear nor feel it—
 The sound that came to me—
The note that thrilled with power:
 The voice of Liberty.

With words he made no answer,
 But pointed to the domes
That rose throughtout the city:
 Of mammon's palace homes.
I caught the subtle meaning
 All silent in his heart.

And knew that man could never
With liberty have part.

Until, all rule abolished,
All statutes set aside,
The "golden law" adopted:
He by such law abide.
When justice springs spontaneous,
Unchecked by selfishness;
Then, with the truest freedom
The law of love will bless.

Then, from the heart Eternal
With movement slow, sublime:
Peace with its benediction
Will light the wings of time,
And, out of sin and sorrow,
Released from error's ban,
Shall rise a mighty future,
With liberty for man.



THE YEAR IS NEW.

(Inscribed to my Wife.)

Dearest; the year is new,
And the roses silent sleep,
But the hearts that are most true
All their vows of love will keep,
Though snows are deep,
Still, love will keep.
Though the roses fade and wither,
Love survives the stormy weather,

And its fires still keep burning.
And the soul renews its yearning
Howsoe'er the seasons run.

Dearest; the year is new
And its harvests are to grow,
We are drinking of life's rue,
Barren fields, in pain we sow,
 Yet, green will grow
 The fields we sow,
Not in vain this painful sowing,
For, the seed in silence growing,
Bursts anon its gloomy prison,
And—as other forms have risen,
Thus, puts forth the flower and fruit.

Dearest; the year is new,
But its music now so slow,
Soon will shake the honey—dew
From the summer's loaded bough,
 From world of gloom
 To world of bloom.
Thus, the miracle of living
Comes by what the soul is giving,
Love, its winter-vigils keeping
Prophecies a joyful reaping,
And fulfills its holy trust.

VETERANS' MEMORIAL.

Once more the bright perennials bloom upon the
sodded hero graves,

Once more the rusty muskets boom, and starry banner
lightly waves.

The veterans marching down the lanes advance with
labored, halting tread,

The glory of the battle wanes, and mounds with flow-
ers are garlanded.

Their less'ning numbers, aged and grey, file past, this
fair Memorial Day.

Along the crowded avenue, like hoary ghosts of youth-
ful pride,

The shattered guardians of the blue, swing feebly on,
with measured stride.

Oh grant that when they too have passed through
portals of the yet to be;

Beyond the reach of battle blast into the dim Eternity,
Some kindly hand with bloom and bay will deck their
graves Memorial Day.



POEMS OF NATURE.



"I gathered them where the grey mew calls,
On the shore of the siren sea."

NATURE.

The mystery of it all
Comes in bud and bloom from Spring to Fall;
The sear leaf and snow from Fall to Spring;
And through it all the measured swing
Of time, and night and sun,
With the endless chain of moments
That so unceasing run.



SHELLS.

I gathered them where the grey mew calls,
On the shore of the siren sea,
Where the damp mist and sunshine falls,
Where the surf rims out from the lea.

I gather them when the storm had passed,
With its mutterings deep and grim,
When the light broke forth o'er the waters vast,
And the crags were reflected dim.

In the sounding throat of ovened rocks,
After the tide had slipt away.
When the shore-surf with its deafening shocks
Had left the nooks of circling bay.

I gathered them, on the steaming sand;
Their rainbow hues were upward cast,
A glowing line on the bleaching strand
After the fury of the blast.

And so, I bring them with wash of waves
From the shore of the siren sea,
With the hollow echoes of the caves,
And the cry of gulls o'er the lea.

APRIL'S MOODS.

The fleecy cloud is moving slow,
Across the sapphire spaces;
Its shadow on the Earth below,
O'er hill and valley races.

Who doubts that we are nearing May
Through devious turns of weather;
When sunny hours, and cloudy day
Are all mixed up together?

The crow is calling from the grove
Where under-shrubs are budding,
And bees again begin to rove,
While streams, their banks are flooding.

The ant runs up and down the stalk
Of last year's bane, or thistle,
And builds its barracks by the walk,
Where grass begins to bristle.

To thickets dense the frost retreats,
And south-slopes warm are growing;
The pulse of life more quickly beats,
For winds more soft are blowing.

The golden glint on purple woods,
And veil of fleeting showers,
Express in perfect way, the moods
That pass through April's bowers.



Thou bringest the odor of bright green sedges,
And voices of brooding brant and crane.

THE NORTH WIND.

Bearing morn's perfume from the fields of clover
To assuage the fevered pulse of man,
Bringing notes from distant wailing plover;
And from meadow blackbirds' noisy clan.

Swinging the boughs where nests are not deserted,
Gently, and in rhythmic rise and fall;
Measured with silvery voice concerted
(Answer to the golden-robin's call.)

Lifting the hairbells on their stalks so slender,
Swaying hedges twixt the fields of corn,
Breath of clouds and Summer's northern splendor;
In what land mysterious wert thou born?

Didst come from Huron, or Superior's vastness?
From wave-gnawed cavern or island bank?
Was't thou born in some primeval fastness;
Where tamaracks stand, solemn, close and rank?

Thou bringest the odor of bright green sedges
And voices of brooding brant and crane;
That camp upon the wild, lonely edges
Of marsh wastes, and wat'ry portage chain.

And so, methinks that southward thou hast traveled,
Through the grey still hours of the night,
And thus to many a leaf unraveled,
The deep secrets of thy birth and flight.

FIELDS OF CORN.

Solemnly whisper, and feelingly sigh,
Under the heat of the mid-summer sky,
Gracefully bowing to rise in the breeze,
Like motion of waves on the breast of seas.

Toss up your arms, oh ye cereline hosts,
And mimic the weird, grim play of the ghosts;
Odo'ous, tender and dewy at morn,
Rich are thy banners, broad fields of the corn.

Solemnly standing through autumn's still days
In the wide valleys so purple with haze,
Dry and unbendingly, stiff, and austere,
Picture so desolate, closing the year.

Yet, thou art bountiful, giving thy gold,
Greater in value than any have told;—
Picturesque still, in the wintry morn
Are the dim rows in the fields of the corn.



OCTOBER.

When tints of russet blur the plain,
And silver mists, all undisturbed,
Stretch through the spaces far amain;
When summer's spreading vines are curbed
And flare their fires along the stream,
Like burning spheres of some weird dream.

Then do I know October rests
The loom of change upon the land,
And weaves the gorgeous-colored crests
Of blushing shrubs on every hand,
And plies with Nature's subtle skill,
The shuttles of her mystery still.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Let poets sing
Of budding Spring,
And "ode" the summer roses,
I tune my lays
To Autumn days,
As fair October closes.

Though fashions scorn
The golden corn
 That yonder valleys cover,
Of honest fields
Which labor yeilds,
 I am an ardent lover.
When sleety rains
Have swept the plains,
 And cleared the skies of trouble,
I love to trace
The rustic grace
 Of browning woods and stubble.
The lazy nod
Of goldenrod,
 As pales its yellow lustre,
The serpentine
Suspended vine,
 With many a scarlet cluster.

The broken gleams
Of pasture streams
 Through leafless thorn and thistle,
The echo bounds
Of varied sounds,
 The quail with shrilly whistle.

The call of crow,
And distant low
 Of heather ranging cattle,
The bugle strains
Of feathered trains,
 That move in lines of battle.

The dizzy whirr,
And throbbing stir
 Of strutting partridge-drummer,
Such sights and sounds,
In constant rounds,
 Are praising Indian Summer.



HAIL, WINTER.

Hail, Winter! with thy solemn train
 Of ice-encumbered days,
Thou hast most surely come again
 Through thine accustomed ways.
From polar wastes, the chilling wind
 Hath brought us snow and sleet,
And through the woods, (November thinned,)
 I hear thy hastening feet.
Thy hosts are gath'ring on the hills,
 By ghostly banners led.
Each grim aeolean chord that shrills
 Above the summer dead
Proclaims, thy rule is over all,
 Like one vast shadowing wing!
Until fair April's tender call
 Shall wake us into spring.

THE BLUE JAY.

I hear the cheery blue jay's call,
Across the Winter's drift;
And from my heart the shadows fall,
While memories, sweet, uplift.

The brooks find voices in his notes,
The winds are soft again,
Again the azure gently floats
Its founts of summer rain.

I see the orchard-banners white,
Hung out on many a slope;
And lowlands bear their colors bright;
As symbols of our hope.

Again the bluebird sweetly sings,
Again the plovers pipe,
And—though the icy mantle clings—
With Spring their notes are ripe.

I bless thee, bird of hardy race,
For cheer that thou has brought;
None other shall usurp thy place,
Within my heart and thought.



IN OCTOBER.

A mist of purple blurs the hills,
And all the distant valley fills.
The year breaks forth in radiant smiles,
And Earth spreads out her golden miles.
The roving winds now hold their breath,
And air is sweet with scents of death.
Again the painted forests blush,
And shiver in the the om'nous hush.

IN TRANSITU.

The thunder of the restless waves,
The billows shock
'Gainst frowning rock;
The hollow rune of dismal caves,
And crying gulls, on wing adrift
In bighting winds that northward shift.

These are attendants in the train
Who lead the van
Of winter's clan.
Now, brown December, o'er the plain
Comes slowly, and with measured tread
Swings icy symbol's o'er the dead.



MARCH.

I hear the swelling music
Of wind-harps rudely strung,—
Intrusive voices joining
In songs so often sung.
The Winter's dying echoes
And April's herald strains;
The Norther's fitful wailing,
With pattering of rains.
Now is a chord of sadness,
Now is a sweep of power,
March reigns, and suits her music
To changes, every hour.



I hear the swelling music
Of wind-harps rudely strung.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONG OF LIFE.

When light unveiled her radiant face
And wrapped the world in her embrace;
When into place the planets swung
This song the Heavenly choir sung:
"O sacred pulse; O law divine;
All purpose and all power is thine,
Death, never;
Life ever and forever."

And still that grand triumphal song
Thrills through all nature, deep and strong,
And still vibrating high and low,
It sets the continents aglow;
And in the ocean's sob and roar
It sounds, and speaks forever-more:
"Death, never;
Life ever and forever."

O, human soul,—a spark of love—
Around thee, Earth environed, move
Kaleidoscopic forms to-day,
Tomorrow thou art on thy way
To fairer plains, and sweeter skies;
And still the thrilling anthems rise:
"Death, never;
Life ever and forever."

TO A SCOTCH PRIMROSE.

O! flower of that rugged isle
Across "Atlantic's roar,"
Thou wak'st within my languid soul
The northern strains once more.

How sounds the voice of stern acclaim,
Far o'er thy native hills;
While through the vales the pibroach rings
Its note that wildly thrills.

I see again stern warriors clothe
Their sinewy arms in steel.
I hear the groan of foemen grim
That 'neath their broad swords reel.

The bale fires flash from crowning rocks
Their warning, far amain;
And o'er the moor of "Caloglen,"
Wild is the tocsin's strain.

I see again clear waters kiss
The "sunny banks of Dee,"
And hear (the ragged coast along)
The dashing of the sea.

The bending wood upon the slopes
That hem the winding "Ayr,"
Give back again the poet's song,
In echoes sweet and fair.

Thy warriors, statesmen, poets come
Of strong and noble race,

And who, I ask of other states,
Could ever fill their place?

I hail with joy the winds and waves
That beat on northern strands;
Yet, bless old Scotia's hills and vales
Above all other lands.



AFTER-STORM SILENCE.

The thunder has gone from the spent rain-cloud,
The light in the valley is dim,
The wind is asleep—once stormy and loud,
And fitfully harsh with the trees it bowed
O'er the pools that filled to the brim.—

All silent and sweet is the vesper hour;
And deep, as the vault of the sky,
The soul now awakes and thrills with the power
That hurls the red bolt, when the storm cloud's lower
And the spirit of God seems nigh.



THE HOURS THAT SHINE.

The hours that shine are the hours of youth,
When the world is filled with love and truth,
When the rainbow spans each tiny cloud
That floats away like a sailship proud.

The hours that shine are the care-free days
When the young heart sings its first love-lays;
And singing, builds with fanciful art
That wonderful realm of heart and heart.

SONG OF ESTERMONATH.*

Hail, hail Ostara's** festival!
The buds are swelling now;
Faint signs are on the interval
Of green, to wreath her brow.

The brooks grow musically swift,
And sweep the dank debris,
Far where the river-flood doth lift,
In foaming circles free.

Then brim her bowl with glowing wine,
As brims the whirling stream;
For buds are on the early vine,
And Spring's no more a dream.

Spread forth the feast of Esteral!***
(The feast of warmest cheer.)
Make way for joy without delay;
The opening of the year.

The bloom of life is on her face,
She comes! our Morning Queen,
The trailing mists of night,—her grace
Has banished from the scene.

*The Anglo-Saxon name for April.

**The mythical goddess of pagan Easter time.

***The same as Ostara.

THE OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR.

(In memory of Dr. John Sudduth.)

O, the sulky old, and the old roan mare—
On the long hill dashing down—
And the doctor grey; while his head, half bare,
With hat tipped back on his crown,
Sways forward and back, sways to left, to right,
Nor cares he how rough the road.
He comes like a king, to bid sickness "take flight,"
And lightens the sufferer's load.

I can hear the song that he used to croon,
As he plunged, and swayed and swung
Behind the fleet mare on the road at noon;
Behind the mare when darkness hung
From the starless sky, and the heavy cloud
Its muttering gusts sent down.
O, I fancied then, his heart was more proud
Than heart-beats under a crown.

But his pride was all for his faithful steed,
And the sulky strong and plain;
For he never slackened their reckless speed
Or tightened the careless rein.
'Twas always a race, and a race with death,
To baffle the vampire grim;
To rescue the wight with a fleeting breath,
Or bandage a broken limb.

Ah, the years are swift and they multiply,
To shroud the way at last;
And the foam flecked steed with the flashing eye
Has gone, like a full-spent blast;

And the dim mists rise in retrospect, where
The old doctor blazed the way
For those who shall come on the mission fair,
The pains of man to allay.

And I sometimes think, that the road he sped
Still lengthens away, afar;
To the fair realms where are dwelling the dead;
Where Heavenly hospitals are.
And I sometimes think I can hear him sing,
As he comes this way again,
With the promptings good, from his heart's well
spring,
To check the sufferer's pain.



A JULY AFTERNOON.

The cricket gives his tireless song
From out the creviced ledges,
From many a bunch of sunburned grass,
And from the dusty hedges.

The slant sunshafts through gath'ring clouds
On waving corn are glancing,
And sparkle on the river's breast,
Where tides are slow advancing.

The peace that reigns this afternoon,
Has filled the scene completely,
And nature's voice through everything,
Breathes music, soft and sweetly.

THE SEA.

Yes, the sea first gave the voices
To the human passions wild,
And it taught the note of sorrow
By its sobbings low and mild;
Then it waked a subtle longing
In the lonely savage breast,
That still lengthens out the future
Through the endless unexpressed.

Where the bard trod shores Ionian;
Under skies so opulent,
Where Arcadian tides rise darkly;
By the narrow passes pent,
Where the thermal current ever,
Sends its soft'ning breezes out;
And the Tropic's pomp and splendor
Echoes back the breaker's shout.

We still find that mighty spirit
Restless ever, ever strong;
That compels to noble action,
That inspires to lofty song,
Still we find the sea, creator
Of the grandest types of thought;
Stirring still to high endeavor
Fearless souls who falter not.



LET THEM WAIT.

Outside the gates of beauty, let them wait, and wane
and die;
All jealousies and passions,
Encumbent is the duty that may hail from out the sky
Which love imperial fashions.

GRAVE OF "THE COUNTESS."

November's breath pervades the earth,
The evening air is chill,
The pale full moon comes slowly forth
Above the sleepers' hill.

All solemnly, like sentries, stand
The dark plutonian pines,
Their watchful guard on either hand,
The moonlight clear defines.

Long since a poet's ryth'mic verse,
The simple story told,
And need I here, the tale rehearse,
Inscribed on record old?

The tangled vines which once o'er-spread
The lowly mound of her
Who Francis Vipart won and wed;
Have vanished, while the stir

Of restless, curious pilgrim feet
Have chafed the sacred place!
As waves on herbless shore do beat
In wild resistless chase,

The poet's art has touched the chord,
Of common clay a part;
For love reveals to wight or lord,
The music of the heart.

The power of numbers well he knew
Would bring to dumbest eyes

The slate which briars overgrew,
And thus immortalize.

*Mary, unknown to-day would be
Beneath this crumbling stone,
But dreamer called humanity
To make her life its own.

The river as of yore flows on,
And mirrors "bridge and spire,"
Neglected heath, and sloping lawn,
The alder's autumn fire.

"The white-haired villager," apart
From worldly haste and din,
Now reaps, with gracious reverent heart,
The bounties good to win.

"The fisher-man and smith" have come,
In silence here to rest,
Where all within is ever dumb;
Save nature's throbbing breast.

"The skipper's horn" no more shall wake
"The toll-man" from his dream,
For o'er them bends the seared brake,
And sweetbriar's scarlet gleam.

The days and nights alternate, shed
Their lights and shadows here,
And life and death, by nature wed
Reveal the birth and bier.

A new life stepping from the old;
Lives on the things that fade,

The forms now changing into mould,
Prepare for springing blade.

So, prouder men come on apace;
Unconscious of their debt,
And vandal hands these stones deface,
By homespun goodness set.

Ill venerates the hast'ning crowd,
The grave of sire or maid.
For human hope ne'er makes a shroud,
"They died," yet are not dead.

And lingers still, the golden ray
Of love's perennial flame;
To glance along our soulless way,
Our sophistries to shame.

*"Mary Ingalls, wife of Francis Vipart, of Guadalope.
Died Jan 5th, 1807—Aged 21 years." Inscribed on
headstone, Haverhill, East Parish.



EMERSON.

Dweller upon the heights far reaching and sublime,
On whose uncovered peaks no clouds of passing time
Shut down, nor shadowed spell weaves in its darker
thread
'Mong golden warp and woof, where e'er thy thought
hath led,
Thy hope doth anchor men to things most truly just!
Breaking their slavish chains, freeing from lethel rust,
So dost thou lead the train of struggling thoughts of
mine
Upward, slowly upward to grander thought of thine.

WHEN THE YELLOW CHICKENS HATCH.

When the lambkins are a-crying
On the barren pasture knoll,
And the "pesky" crows are trying
To pre-empt some sunny goal.
When the lark sends word he's coming,
By his blue-bird messenger,
When the brooks are just a-humming,
And the buds begin to stir.

When the pussy-willows slender
Have put on a greenish hue,
And the crocus, pale and tender,
Just begins to catch the dew.
When the robbins come a-hopping
In the soggy garden-patch;
And their greetings are a-swopping,
Then, the yellow chickens hatch.

When the rhubarb is a-breaking
Through the moist and mellow soil;
And the larkspur is awaking,
And the bees begin to toil.
When the lazy wind is shifting,
And blows softly from the south,
Bringing clouds that, trailing, drifting,
Make us sure there'll be no drouth;

And in fact, when sudden showers
Patter on the stancheon shed;
And the air suggests the flowers
Not yet risen from the dead.
When the blackbirds are collecting
In the elms—a noisy batch—
Last year's haunts a-recollecting;
Then the yellow chickens hatch.

THE CHIMES MENEELLY PLAYED.

In pensive retrospection
My thoughts tonight are led
Where, through the vanished seasons
Of music soft I tread

Though clear, the echoes linger
My memory within,
Of flute notes rich and mellow,
And wailing violin.

Of harp with drowsy tinkle,
Of lute and low guitar;
I hear still deeper music
Than these faint echoes are.

Than soothing dulcet numbers,
Or vesper serenade,
Sweeter to me, and better,
The chimes Meneelly played.

Though martial strains still linger,
And overtures sublime
Stir with their mighty pulsings
The heart of waning time.

Though human voice enrapture
My soul with melody,
Till fountains of the spirit
Pour forth their ecstasy,

Still, through the thrilling measures
By genius fair arrayed.
Swell on the chords of memory
The chimes Meneelly played.



Where the "old man" on his shoulders
Lifts the riven granite peak.

THE PEMIGEWASSET.

Hollowed 'mong the northern mountains,
Only lit by mid-day beam.
Filled with rush and rune of fountains,
Is the cradle of the stream,
Where the "old man" on his shoulders
Lifts the riven granite peak,
'Till the clouds rest on the boulders
Which the strong-winged eagles seek.

Where Eternal walls imprison,
Woods primeval, dark with pines,
Holding back (where they have risen)
Mossy titans to their lines.
Where the white birch, like a spectre
Leaning o'er the tiny lake,
Draws from thence the mountain nectar,
That doth keep its heart awake.

Where the winter-spirit lingers
In rude caverns, deep and still,
While the summer's busy fingers
Clothe with green the vale and hill.
Under grim and awful ledges
(Mighty pillars of the earth),
From Lake Profile's liquid edges,
There the river hath its birth.

Downward, downward to the ocean,
Now its journey is begun,
Ever with a tuneful motion,
Clear and swift the waters run.

Be it day, or darkness over,
Burning noon, or twilight gray,
It doth onward (as a rover)
Keep its solitary way.

White with foam and dark with shadows,
Droning past the hermit's door
Through the stretch of Campton meadows
To the falls of Livermore
Sweeps the river, shallow, winding,
Leaping then, to lower lands
And a broader channel finding,
Loiters on the Plymouth sands.

Slowly now, yet scarce delaying,
Stirring darkly, broad and deep,
Like a restless giant, swaying
'Gainst the prisoning bank and steep,
Met by creeks with mellow voices,
It doth keep a rugged track
'Till its gathered host rejoices
In the stately Merrimack.

Thus, the picture of thy beauties
(River of New England's pride,)
Mingled with life's sober duties,
Flows before me like a tide,
And in dreams I see thee sweeping
Downward, downward to thy rest,
Nature's Earthly phases keeping,
And with Heavenly moods impressed.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Happy he, whose lot is cast
'Mong the mountains, gray and old;
Where rude winter blows his blast,
And the spring-buds late unfold;
Where the elemental strife,
And the native Eagle's call
Far above the waterfall
Stir hoarse echoes into life.

Happy he; for there will find
Respite from the gloom below,
Troubled only by the wind
Fresh and pure, forever so.
Oft below, the misty cloud
With it's trumping thunder's roar,
While the torrents grimly pour.
Hugs the valley like a shroud.

Yet, above the torrents, he,
Matchless floods of light beholds,
Pouring on the drapery
And the cloudy billow-folds.
Grandeur feasts his fearless thought,
And the gods of freedom speak
Truths from every sun-kissed peak,
Lifting 'round, sublimely wrought.

On the upland's tender green,
Mantle of the virgin sod,
Sheltered, snowy walls between,
Where no slave has ever trod,
Happy he who there doth stand
Strengthened by the upward climb
'Mong the crags that laugh at time;
Viewing all the valley-land.

JUNE.

Warm days make the heart grow
And June fills the sympathies full.
The head, from cold white snow
Draws lightning, and the power to rule.
But now is June, and sweet it is to me,
To feel within its wondrous melody.

Buds swell and burst in bloom,
Trees stretch their fingers to the sun,
Softly the aerial loom
Weaves on, and spiral threads are run;
Full are the cups, while o'er and o'er the bee
His drowsy song sends forth in revelry.

As from a viewless strand
A benediction fills the air,
Uprising through the land,
List thee to Earth's mighty choir!
By hands untouched, a million harps resound,
And life springs up where only death was found.

O June! could we abide
Forever in thy realm of love;
No need were ours to hide,
The heart's complaint, or stronger prove,
To meet King Winter with his frosted crown;
For the flowers look up, and the sun looks down.

MINNESOTA.

Source of rivers; land of lakes:
I thy son, give greeting here,
In my breast there feebly wakes
Praise of thee, yet half in fear,
For a greater bard hath sung
Of thy richly tinted skies,
Of the generous vestures, flung
Where thy broad dominion lies,
Mother-land, I long have known
Thy greater nature and its strife;
'Mong thy wildest scenes, have grown
The affections of my life.

Gently soothed by summer airs
Strangely stirred by winter's blast;
Thought of mine most willing, bears
What upon me thou dost cast.
Move me then to speak thy name
With a pride that is but just,
I would give a wider fame
Unto thee, a deeper trust.

Resting (full of youthful grace)
By "Superior's" crystal wave,
Sweet reflections of thy face
In the cooling waters lave,
And thy mantle spreading far
South and West with regal sweep,
Spangled o'er with many a star,
Fringed with many a rugged steep;
Makes a peerless home of health
For a mighty family—

 Holds a boundless store of wealth
For the millions yet to be.

Land of tempests, wild and swift
And of days serenely sweet.
From whose bosom broad, doth lift
Endless fields of waving wheat;
I would not forego the charms
Of thy changeful ministerings,
Nor exchange for "tropic palms"
Rudest life that from thee springs.

Give me labor without ease
And a home upon thy soil,
Rather than the "lotus-breeze"
That benumbs the mental coil,
Rather than the luxuries
Of eternal fruit and flower,
I would choose thy clime, that gives
Freedom with its arm of power.



EASTER.

"He arose," as we in truth shall rise,
Above the images of sense,
Above the death-clods, sickness, sighs,
Into the living soul's surprise,
Unto the spirit, go we hence.

"He burst the bonds of death," and we
As sure, the bonds of fear shall break.
Into "the substance" full and free,
Into the life and love, will be
Our birth, when truth within shall wake.

"He triumphed o'er the wasting grave."
Immortal things cannot decay,
And not for time along, He gave
The mighty lessons that shall pave
And light forever, God's sure way.

THE BURIED CITY.

I am Talhanset, and I come,
From far Cramedian's plain,
I've met the darkening clouds that sweep,
Across the troubled main.
I've trod the shining sands amidst
Sweet Aben's richest bowers,
And breathed their peace, with brow aflame
In sunset's golden showers.

Now, all is changed to arid scene,
Time in his circling flight,
Has spread upon the level lands
A robe of dreary blight,
And on the sloping hills of Zan,
The breakers of the sun
Roll ever down, in torrid waves;
As quenchless fires run.

No more the frail icera blooms,
To fill the air with love.
No more the towering palm doth bend
Its cooling boughs above.
No more the silver streamlet's course
Doth pass the palace door.
And gladen banners on its banks,
The wind shall kiss no more.

Ah, not again fair Nadanee,
For thee a sun shall rise,
To paint the fleeting mists of morn
With hues of Paradise.
And not again thy marble halls
Shall ring with happy tread;

For, with the sands of desert wilds
Thy walls are overspread.

Long is thy sleep fair Nadanee;
No hand hath rung thy knell,
Thou silent city of the plain,
I bid thee now, farewell:



DEAD OLD YEAR.

Old year is dead,
His vassals fled,
Low are the echoes of his dirge
From wood, and hill, and ocean-surge.

Old year is dead,
No more his tread
The blushing flowers of June will stir;
Oblivion holds his calendar.



CLOUD CITIES.

On the misty steep of the distant cloud,
A city rises fair,
Whose spires, domes and minarets,
Are fashioned from the air,
And softly from the aerial courts,
Sweet strains of music rise,
O, who can tell the wond'rous charm
Of those wild melodies?



The west, the west; the broad fair west,
Where the millions' feet are turning.

THE WEST.

The west, the west, the broad fair west,
Where the millions' feet are turning,
Where the new-made hearths of pioneers
Like beacons bright are burning,
Where boundless plains are swept by winds
Unstained by slavish story,
And mountain peaks still wear in peace,
Their matchless robes of glory.

The west, the west, the mighty west,
That fears no base oppression;
Throws open its asylum gates
To all the world's procession.
There's freedom in its bracing air,
The leaping cascade speaks it;
An unchained spirit stirs the heart
And brain of him who seeks it.

The west, the west, the youthful west,
With giant arms unfolding,
In regal strength, and purpose grand,
The nation's life is moulding.
To-morrow's worth, and wealth and power;
Yes, all the future ages,
With earnest thought, will gladly pay
Their tributes to its sages.

SONG OF THE LARK.

Over the meadow-lands flashing with dew,
All the wild heather and woody dells through,
Floating upon the soft zephyrs of May,
Rising in triumph to meet the new day;
Up to the sunlight and out of the dark.
Hark! hark! 'tis the song of the lark.

Rolling in billows of slivery notes
O'er the fresh fields, where the drowsy mist floats,
Touching the shores of our indolent sense
With new impulse of life, from a fair providence!
Swift as an arrow sent sure to its mark,
Hark! hark! 'tis the song of the lark.

Putting the chords of the spirit in tune
With nature's great heart, and unceasing rune,
Opening the gates to the ideal land,
Placing our feet on its infinite strand,
Waking, renewing the hope that was stark,
Hark! hark! 'tis the song of the lark.

Blessed be the matin of grey meadow-bird
From valleys of bloom; wherever 'tis heard
'Twill cast a bright spell on drearysome way
As beams of the sun o'er dark waters play,
Up from the low-lands to heavens blue arc.
Hark! hark! 'tis the song of the lark.

DEM GOOD OLE TIMES.

Ole Abe he's gone to glory,
He's got dar safe an' sound;
A singin' wid de angels,
An' kinder loafin' round.

O, dem ole times were lubly,
Dey were de bes' I knowed;
Sometimes we danced plantations,
Sometimes we sorter hoed.

How well does I remember,
We made de possum scratch,
An' chased de water-mellions
All 'round de cotton patch.

But I'ze gwine to tell yo,
One thing I 'member sure;
A hookin' water-mellions
Wid Abe, an' Jimmy Dorr—

Yo' see de night was darksome,
We creep'd along de road
Close to de worm-fence corner—
Inside de mellions growed.

I says to Abe, "Your 'sperience
Must be ob 'vantage sure;
Yo' trow de mellions ober
To me, an' Jimmy Dorr."

An' Abe he clim'd right ober
An' settled down to work;
Fo' he on such o'casions
Was not incline' to shirk.

We waited dar a minit,
An' den we heard a howl
Er screech, er hoot er somefin
Jes like er crazy owl.

An' den I says to Jimmie,
"Jes listen; mighty still,
Ole Satan, he's er comin',
A commin' down de hill.

"For doan yo' hear de screech-owl;
An' doan yo' hear 'im hoot?
Hits time dat we's er flyin',
Er gettin' on de scoot!"

An' so we scratched de grabble—
I guess we scratched hit fast—
Until we reached de stable,
An' in de doar at last,

While all de time behind us,
Ole Satan he was dar,
Er stompin on de turnpike,
An' salin' in de air.

I tell yo, hit war scaresome,—
De way dat Satan come—
My har stood right strait upwards,
My heart beat like a drum.

An' wen we got well cobered
Wid fodder an' wid hay,
We head im come er bouncin'
Right ober in de bay.

An' den I'ze sure we's goner;
As sure as shootin' dead,—
For, in another minut
I know'd he'd fine our bed.

Den Jimmy up an' holler'd,
"O Lord, we didn't steal;
We didn't go er hookin'
Inside de mellion fiel'."

An' den we heard er laffin'.
Er rollin' on de floar!—
Yo see 'twas Abe, er foolin'
Jes Abe, an' nuffin moar.



THE STAGE.

How great the office of the stage,
The common prophet seldom sees;
Until Utopia's golden age
Shines through its winged accessories;
Until its moral leverage
Presents, in heart appealing act,
Enforcing theories of sage,
Philosophies and living fact.

Then play the part by love assigned,
Play hero, or play humbler part,
Still striving to inspire the mind
To deeper worship of the art.
Still working nature's miracle
Before the half-believing crowd,
With purpose and with strength of will,
Till every soul applause has bowed.

THE CABIN IN THE WOOD.

Did I ever tell you, friend,
Where my paths of fancy end?
Come with me where dryads dwell,
And my secret I will tell.

Follow me through banks of bloom;
Woven in the summer's loom,
Through the clover-fields and wheat,
Past the woodchuck's snug retreat;
Out beyond the busy stream,
Where the osiers, scarlet gleam,
On and on, by secret way
'Mong the heaps of meadow hay;
Still among the brakes and glades
'Till we reach the upland shades.

Over yonder to the west
Where the scene is all at rest,
Where the forest stretches far,
Where the constant shadows are,
Where the notes of whip-poor-will
Echo back from bordering hill,
There, the cabin in the wood,
Holds my sweetest solitude.

If by cares you are beset,
And your cheeks by tears are wet;
Does life's way seem drear and long?
Listen to the cabin song:

"Echoes bounding far and near,
Every season of the year:

Echoes, echoes, sweet and bland,
This is fancy's echo-land.

"In the bosom of the copse,
Found again are vanished hopes.
Cradled here, and ever young
Are the loves that "Homer" sung,
Here, O rest! and breathe that peace
Which shall bring of care, surcease."



LINES TO E. W. D.

O, friend of mine, whose mellow lays
Steal o'er my soul like incense sweet,
Recalling scenes of olden days
That, like the echoed sounds, repeat,
Repeat and spread, and warm and glow
Through retrospective forest isles;
Through vistas of the valleys low,
Or where the regal upland smiles.
Anon I may not see your face
In common way, or social place,
Yet, through the circle of the years;
Of seasons drear, or sunny fair,
Through sorrow's sombre vale of tears,
Or joyous highland's lighter air,
I still may feel the cordial hand
Extended through your lyric rhyme;
And know, that still your heart is bland,
And singing, couplets for old time.
So shall I cherish every song,
Though distance hold, and time be long.

OUR EXPOSITION.

Where the Mississippi glances
 Into falls of foam and spray,
Where the power-wheel advances
 Ever by the current's sway,
Where the low, continuous thunder
 Of the foundry and the mill,
(Voice that fills the world with wonder,)
 Brooks no halt of hand or will.

We have reared the spacious arches,
 Of Industrial Palisade;
(Sign of swift, triumphal marches,
 To the van of Arts and Trade.)
We have placed the broad foundation
 Of this pride of coming years,
For the use of every nation,
 On the Earth's wide hemispheres.

Europe sends her choicest treasures
 Hither, through "Atlantic's roar,"
And in friendly contact measures
 Hers with what we have in store.
From the Orient, strange and distant,
 China lends us varied wares,
And, to commerce, less resistant,
 Freely in the contest shares.

Afric, to display is lending
 Silken goods and carvings old,
And, a dusky hand extending,
 Offers ivory, gems and gold.
Come they from the lands of Summer,
 Or from climes of snow and sleet,
To all toil, and every comer,
 Welcome here! We warmly greet.

This vast hall shall show the powder
Of the hands by genius skilled,
And its dedication hour
Heralds good, to all who build.
Hail! then, to "our Exposition,"
May its aims grow never less;
It has come of just ambition,
That must strengthen and progress.

Set the wheels of peace in motion,
For their use these arching piles,
They shall speak our true devotion
To success, that on us smiles;
They shall hum a mighty chorus,
To the nations, far and near,
Who have planted banners o'er us,
With the flag we love and cheer.



PREMONITIONS.

'Tis night! I hear the rush of wings
That tell of autumn journeyings,
And from the deep mysterious sky
Comes down the wild brant's bugle cry.

O, wintry winds! that keenly sweep
The billows of the northern deep,
I feel thy coming, like the race
Of scurrying hounds upon the chase;

Too soon thy baying breaks the bland
Delicious silence of the land;
Too soon thy driving snows will fall.—
A cheerless mantle over all.

LINES TO M. M. E. FOR VIOLETS.

Your violets set me dreaming,
"The first tribute of the Spring,"
Little floral faces beaming,
Little voices whispering!
"We are people of the forest
Come to peep,—with starry eyes—
'Mong the grand-dames of the florist,
And the human mysteries."

"We are people of the woodlands
Where the sylvan fairy dwells;
And the nyads with their mist-hands,
Ring the honeysuckle bells,
With our white and yellow tapers
We have lighted oft, the shades
For their acrobatic capers;
For their vesper serenades."

For these tender little plant souls
I must thank you friend of mine;
Looking in their petal life-goals,
We will own, they are Divine;
They have come to me so sweetly
Like Angelic presence, quite,
Captured thoughts and heart completely;
Robbed me of a dreary night.

THE POET'S MESSAGE.

Read from the pen of the Poet,
What his soul has poured in rhyme.
Read what he marks on the pages
Of the book of endless time.

Read what he says of his longings,
Of his heart when filled with fire
From the altar of deep passion,
Or from love's supreme desire.

And I will be soothed and rested.
My soul will be filled with truth,
That shall brace my lagging pulses
With the bounding tides of youth.



MY HOPE.

My hope is an Angel, whose tireless wings
Move quick in response to the heart's whisperings,
It crosses the billows of life's misty sea
To bring the green olive branch, back unto me.
Outranging the tempests and passions of man,
It brooks not our bondage, but breaks every ban.

If lost, in the night, or the mazes of doubt;
Hope comes to the rescue, and leads the way out.
Before it is sunrise, and e'er it is dawn
This Angel of hope leads faithfully on.
Up over the mountain obstructing the way
Hope mounts in her regal flight, meeting the day.

ISLAND SANTA CATALINA.

O, island in Pacific's deep,
How fair thy form appears.
How soft the outlines of thy steep
That into cloudland rears.

Near the horizon's western verge
Thy veil of purple runs,
And white the line of shore and serge,
Beneath the circling suns.

Fair Catalina of my dream;
Amid thy mellow scenes
The life of herds and sea-birds teem,
Where vine and olive screens.

The ceaseless murmur of the waves
That wash thy silvery beach,
And hollaw roar of watery caves,
To me more grandly teach

Than rolling prairies, endless wide.
Or stretching woody bands
That fields from fields afar divide,
Within these wintry lands.

Thy vales can never dreary grow,
For lack of opening flower,
Nor frost, nor chilling winds and snow
Assail thy vernal bower.

The amber west that sunset fires
Beyond thy farthest lines,

Shows all in golden mystic spires;
Thy hills "set thick with pines."

And, often when my weary eyes
Would rest from stormy scene,
I close them; dreaming of thy skies
So warm with summer sheen.



NIGHT ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

The sable pinions of the night
Brood o'er the sobbing deep,
A few faint stars with fitful light,
Their doubtful vigils keep;
And rolling slowly up behind
The lights of Grand Detour,
With lurid flash, and fresh'ning wind—
The storm-cloud cometh, sure.

Anon the high artillery
Breaks silence far and near,
And startled echoes wildly flee
Through hollow atmosphere,
Then silence deeper than before
Fills all surrounding space
Until, again the thunder's roar
The quietudes displace.

At every moment nearer draws
The midnight thunder-storm,
With intermittent awful pause
Of threat'ning giant form;
O, when the tempest-shaken sky
With pall of darkness o'er—

Kneels down, with heavy sob and sigh,
Far out from sheltering shore;

Then doth the mortal speech grow dumb,
And coldness wraps the heart,
The very soul and spirit numb;
And lips with pallor part,
But look! the cloud is breaking there
Beneath the polar star,
And yonder swings a crescent fair;
Where mists are wide ajar.

Far and more faint the thunders roar,
The wailing shrouds are still,
From East the morn's first heralds soar
And hearts expectant thrill,
Thus may life's night of sorrow be
Assuaged by some surprise
Of parting cloud, or prophecy
Of beaming hope's uprise.



RESIGNATION.

Not to injustice should we yield,
Resigned to laws too human;
But, in that far diviner field
Of nature, man and woman
May well adjust the soul and heart
To higher law and better part.

Not to the hard and selfish sway
Of tyrants will, enslaving,
Or to the worn-old custom's way
With veneration's paving;



What dost thou say, O Sea!
To the white shore of sand,

Should we entrust our liberty;
Or yet, our conscience, full and free.

But in the deeps of soul and sense
Is law, we cannot banish;
It joins us to a Providence
That lasts, while nations vanish;
This, we may trust, for it is kind,
And blesses him who is resigned.



SEA VOICES.

What dost thou say, O sea!
To the white shore of sand,
When breathes the soul of thee
In accents low and bland?

What dost thou whisper, Sea:
To summer moon afar,
When ripple waves of thee
Along yon silver bar?

What dost thou shout, O Sea:
To the dark tempest cloud;
When breaks the surge of thee
On headlands high and proud?

What dost thou sing, O Sea:
While rocking slow, and slow,
And ever solemnly;
The forms we needs must know?

TO MUSIC.

Fair Queen of the Celestial powers
In splendor garmented,
Thine arms are filled with deathless flowers,
To strew where mortals tread.

No note of thine shall fail to warm
The weary-hearted here,
And none shall falter in the storm
If thou dost but appear.

Thou art the palpitating wings
Of hopes, that rise anon
From sorrows dark and bitter springs
To meet returning dawn.

And nations held in bondage long
Arise to deeds sublime,
Their chains are broken by a song
Or melt in martial time.

And yet, thy greatest unexpressed,
We wait with faith, to hear
An anthem swelling East and West,
And surely drawing near.

O then shall wake that loftier strain,
And waking, never cease
The matchless chords when Love shall reign,
Grand overture of peace.

'TIS MAY.

O, list, the winds! the mid-day breeze,
List to the chords of awakening trees,
Or, look on blue of clearest skies,
And green of Meads with their flow'ry eyes.
Up from the south there came one day,
The spirit of bloom, and now 'tis May.

The hammock-nest of Oriole bright
(The centre of all its song and flight)
Grows deep and rounded hour by hour
Like swelling buds, in the Oaken bower.
Sing sweet, sing soft, O, happy bird;
For hearts grow light when your song is heard.

The swallow drifts on slender wing,
And dips its breast in the floods of Spring.
The nesting notes of Lark fall clear,
As he mounts the air from meadows near;
And slow, the Plover-whistle shrills,
In the fallow fields that skirt the hills.

Come, let us lay our cares aside;
And roam the interval reaches wide.
Come, let us live again youth's dream,
That wafts the soul where memory's teem;
For Earth is fresh with bloom to-day
As of old, when all the year was May.

WHO ARE THE BRAVE?

Who are the brave?

They labor 'neath the factory's arch,
In every clime they stoop or stand.
Behold the toilers' painful march!
The face of want, the calloused hand.

Who are the brave?

Not those who spring to grasp the sword,
When war's alarm is spreading wide;
But they who struggle without word
Against a subtle, woeful tide.

Who are the brave?

They face the money-tyrants' scorn
Half-clothed and starving—look and see!—
And patiently await the morn
That frees the hosts of industry.

Who are the brave?

They toil from morn to midnight hour,
In garret and in cellar damp;
They are the slaves to moneyed power,
And eat the crust in misery's camp.

Who are the brave?

The mighty throng that yet shall force
Old barriers to a level grade,
For justice in its onward course
By human greed can not be stayed.

MILKING TIME.

The cows come up from meadow lands,
As eastward slow the shadows creep,
The sky grows red with crimson bands
O'er gray hills, where the hid sun stands,
And twilight cometh, cool and deep.

The milkmaid calls from pasture lane:
"Come Brindle! Bloss! come Bess! come Sue!"
And dim woods echo back again
The silv'ry words in softened strain,
To groves across the river blue.

The drop of bars, with triple fall,
And low tin-ton of milking pail,
The whip-poor-will's lone plaintive call
Beyond the row of poplars tall,
Receive responses from the vale.

All slow and sweet night gathers round
Till silence folds the sleeping plain;
Save from the meadow lands the sound
Of singing frog, by distant drowned
Into a murmurous refrain.

Now dreams the maid, the scene anew,
And calling from the pasture bars:
"Come Brindle! Bloss! come Bess! come Sue!"
A shadowy train swings into view
Under the pale light of the stars.

And then, from o'er a mystic stream,
New voices fall upon her ear,
Bright faces from the shadows gleam—
The people of her land of dream
In garments white and fair appear.

MEMORIA.

(Lines to a Friend, Accompanied by a Bouquet.
Be this the mission of the flowers.
To lift thy memory's chamber latch
 With perfume, drawn from heaven's far skies
To bring thee odors of sweet days,
 That youth has tinged with fadeless dyes,
To stir the dream fire in thy heart
Till it doth live, in truest art.

Remembering the orilays
 That rose from meadows fresh and fair,
The birds that swing on willow boughs,
 Half drunk with May's delicious air;
The hum of burly bumble-bee
From sodden field and orchard tree.

The lowing herds, the bleating flocks,
 And sudden dash of fleeting showers,
The tranquil sky at even-tide,
 And languid pace of mid-day hours,
The broad eaved barn, where rose the din,
Of swallows when the hay came in.

The prairie-lily, scarlet plumed,
 And osier, tufted o'er with white,
The undulations (like the sea)
 Of fields that stretch beyond the sight,
The cloud mirage, uplifted dim
Against the sky's inverted rim.

The far off crimson of the west
 That filled thy soul with fairest dream,
The moon's pale light that melted through
 The twilight shades, with steady beam



The broad-eaved barn, where rose the din
Of swallows when the hay came in.

And distant call of whip-poor-will,
When summer nights were cool and still.

Remembering these early scenes,
Thy soul shall drink the draughts of peace;
And thought shall rise on stronger wing,
While burdening cares and doubts will cease.
Remembering, remembering
Will keep thy heart in childhood's spring.



OUR AGED FRIENDS.

(Dedicated to my poet friend, James G. Clark.)
Down the westward slope of the land of years,
They are going, they are all going,
And trust has taken the place of their fears,
For they look on the fields of their sowing.

The fields where they toiled when their souls were
strong,
And they strove for the heart's ideal,
When the pride of their strength was in each song
That shall wake on the strand of the real.

A mellower light beams over this slope,
Than shone through the gate of their morning
On the hills of youth, the hills of their hope,
And for them is a fairer day dawning.

The frost of the years, like silvery spray
Has crowned them, and they are all going,
They are slowly, silently slipping away
On the tides, that never cease flowing.

They step (one by one) from the earthly track
And across the stream, but not forever,
For the tide that takes them, brings them back,
And the bond of love, death can not sever.

THE PATH.

By the upland hedge of bloom,
Through the knee-deep pasture ferns,
Where the dark pines, scattered, loom,
Where the summit lily burns;
Winding in and out among
Sycamore and alder tree,
To the left of adder's tongue,
To the right of medley—
Bog and thorn and calimus,
Hazel clump and meadow green,
Under marsh vines' pendant truss,
With its variegated green;
So my youthful feet were led,
In the summer time of yore,
With the future bright ahead,
To a country schoolhouse door.

Who can measure since those days
The dim wilderness of doubt,
Threaded by a thousand ways,
Only one path leading out.
Yet, through all the years of strife
And belated promises,
If my tangled path of life
Sometime lead where beauty is,
I shall be full satisfied.
And pursue with willing feet
Still the way, where shadows hide,
On and on to sunshine sweet.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE.

Out from the dim uncertain
Into the world of stars,
Out from the fiery vapors
Came Venus, Earth and Mars,
Out from the star-mist chamber
They circled, one by one:
To plow the deep unmeasured,
Drawn by the mighty Sun.

A troupe of children, banished
To frigid outer zone,
Hurled from the parent bosom,
In spaces all unknown,
Onward, and onward ever,
By hidden forces swung,
Cleaving unbounded spaces
In grandeur yet unsung.

O, human soul: the planets
Are symbols of the power
That give to thee an endless
Unbroken life, and dower,
Forever on the borders
As speeds our mother Earth—
Thou, art a spark celestial:
By law Divine, hast birth.

Out from the dim uncertain
Into external life,
Thrown from the mighty center,
To finite planes of strife.
Out from the silent chamber,
—Dark to the mortal sight—
Into the great unfathomed
Filled with Eternal light.

MUSIC.

O, music, sweet music;
Fair child of the infinite,
Born in bright realms
Where the sun ever shines;
Thy harmonies mingle
In life's varied musings,
And cling round the heart
Like clinging of vines.



THE MOUNTAIN.

I arose from sleep of a million years,
On the couch of the briny seas,
And shook from my sides the watery sheath
As the wind shakes the dew from the trees.
I caught the shafts from the sun in the East
On my head, and my stony breast,
And stood, unmoved by his fiery gaze
Till he sank in the billowy West.

CHORUS.

Symbol am I of immortal things
That sing from the open sky,
Look up to me from the lowlands low,
That your hope may never die.

The sobs of the surf first greeted me then,
And its voice rose hoarsely and loud
When the air grew thick with the vapor's veil
And lightning flashed from murky cloud.
On lonely ages I have looked and sung
E'er man in mortal form had birth,

E'er continents rose with their rolling hills,
Or woods made green the rocky Earth.

CHORUS.

As a sentinel, I stand and survey
The world, through mists when storms are born,
Or watch with the stars, till silent and slow
They melt in the glory of morn.
To mariner, lone, on the curling main,
To pilgrim lost on pathless moor,
I am truth and strength and unfailing guide,
And for æons I shall endure.

CHORUS.

Symbol am I of immortal things,
That sing from the open sky,
Look up to me from the lowlands low
That your hope may never die.



INVOCATION.

O, sum of life! come touch the strings
Of soul and sense,
Come, when the heart in rapture sings,
Of love intense,
Come, with the river's stately flow,
When souls are sad!
Warming their pulses, till they glow
Renewed and glad.
So shall we praise in poesy
The deathless force
That guides all worlds, with potent sway,
Upon their course,
So shall we rise in thought to where
Hope claims its own;
And discords ne'er disturb the air
With music sown—

MINNETONKA.

Change has touched the silver sands,
And the nerve of restless hands
Has transformed the border lands.

Only the unruffled deep,
Only skies o'er-arching keep,

History, in waves that run
'Neath a full resplendent sun;
And, when day is passed and done,
Still repeat it to the shore—
Tale of years, now gone before.

Thrilled and stirred to human speech
As in folds they upward reach,
Now, a legend thus they teach:
"Centuries have rolled away,
Still, to us 'tis but a day,

Since the warrior Umpah came,
Seeking peace, and fish and game,
Seeking respite from all blame;—
For he loved a chieftain's maid,
And, with her had hither fled.

"Winnebago, was the squaw,
And her name, Monetowa,
Sioux was Umpah, and he saw
That the chief would seek redress,
So they sought the wilderness.

"Northward, toward the polar star
Pressing forward fleet and far

'Till they saw a crystal bar;
The two wayward lovers strode
Seeking for a safe abode.

"Late one sunny afternoon
Of a day in middle-June,
(Month they called the flower-moon)
Maid and warrior reached a hill
That o'erlooks these waters still.

"Then, the view before them spread
Cheered their hearts, dispelled their dread,
Thanked they Manitou who led
Safely from the chieftain's hate,
To the lodge of 'Water Great.'

"Minnetonka now was found,
And her waves did leap and bound
With rejoicing, at the sound
Of the voices naming her
From the western ridgy spur.

"Here they dwelt for many a snow,
Chased the deer and caribou,
Taught the use of spear and bow
To their sons; whose sinews strong,
Kept these sands from tresspass long."

Backward borne on wings of dream,
Past and present only seem
Mixing shadows, in the beam
Of a light that fuses well
Living fact, and fancy's spell.

Thronging back to thee again,
Comes that simple race of men,
Glassy bay, and bordering glen.
 Welcomes keel of light canoe,
 Yields to tread of hunter crew.

Knee-deep wades the thirsty deer,
And its form is mirrored clear,
With the rush, and sedgy spear;
 Where the wild brant rears her brood,
 In the fringes of the flood.

Weird and wild the binding spell
Wove in loom of ebb and swell
From the margin, up the dell
 Leaf to leaf, and limb to limb,
 Handed through the forest grim.

When the watches of the night,
Hang aloft their torches bright,
When, to ashes soft and white
 Council fires have slowly waned,
 And the tribes in sleep are chained.
 * * * * *

Ah! the dusky lover's moon
From the sky has passed too soon.
Yet, for us they left a boon,
 In the name that hovers o'er
 Like a spirit great and pure.

So our days are still as sweet
(Looking on the winged fleet,
Resting in the cool retreat.)
 As when Minnetonka drew
 Only eyes of darkest hue.



Grassy knoll and willowed brook.
Forest aisles, and ancient nook.

Fashions of a prouder race
All the wilder scenes replace;
Filling with a studied grace
 Forest aisles, and ancient nook,
 Grassy knoll, and willowed brook.

Future years will still unfold
Beauties that no verse hath told.
And thy brimming cup will hold
 Draughts of health for worn and weak,
 Who they gracious bounties seek.

Northern winds will ever bear
From thy bosom, broad and fair,
Music numbers soft and rare:
 Melodies from off thy strand
 To the sultry southern land.



STARVING FOR FRESH AIR.

Starving to death are the children,
Starving, the aged and gray;
Starving to death the people all
Who live in the cities to-day.
There may be bread for the children;
Bread for the white haired sire,
Meat and bread for all to dine,
Yet their blood is lacking fire.

Their brains grow dull and aweary,
Their nerves are drawn with pain;
They struggle and strive for something,
Something they never gain.
Have they gold, uncounted millions?

Such, starve, for air that's pure;
As they loll in hives of crystal
Degen'racy cometh sure.—

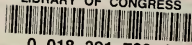
O, flee from the house and palace;
Live in the open air.
Throw wide the windows of your room,
And learn the cold to dare.
Feast, feast on the food of heaven;
Fresh, and sweet and good.
The air that is pure will save you!
Thou starving multitude.

Into your veins that are shrunken,
Take oxygen anew;
Strive for it as you strive for wealth,
To nature's laws be true;
More noble shall your thoughts become,
More sweet your nightly rest,
The vital flame again will burn
More warmly in your breast.



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